

HOW
FRUIT
IS
Candied.

See page 795.

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST,
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

WEEKLY.

LADY
Joekeys

See page 792

VOL. I.—No. 50.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATE.

WEEK ENDING JULY 4, 1891.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

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QUALITIES of the old ENGLISH MAKES with all improvements effected by the most modern Machinery.

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I have much pleasure in stating that I have found it the most
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I can also speak very highly of your Anodyne Cooling
Lotion for allaying the inflammation of Corns and
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"To Messrs. Beetham & Son."

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A PLEA FOR LATE RISERS.

THE old proverb tells us that "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise." We venture to show our readers the disadvantages attending early rising, as set forth in the following lines:—

When ye mornynge riseth rede,
Rise not thou, but keepe thy bedde;
When ye dawne is dull and graye,
Sleepe is still ye better way.
Beastes arise betimes—but then
They are beastes, and we are men.

Is ye weather fayre and fine?
It shall give thee dreames divine;
Doth it pour with pelting rayne?
'Tis a hint to doze again.
Is it neither fine nor yette?
Wait until ye weather's sette.

Wouldst thou walke unscavenged streets,
Catch from shaken mattes the sweetes,
Straye forlorne through chillie rooms,
Stumble over casuall broomes,
Scowling housemaydes round thee scan?
These befall ye ealie man.

Mornynge sleepe avoideth broyles,
Wasteth not in gree dye toyles;
Doth not suffer care nor greefe,
Giveth aching bones reliefe.
Of all ye crimes beneath ye sunne
Pray, which in mornynge sleepe was done?

POACHING AS A PROFESSION.

THERE is no parish in England without its poacher, and in some two, three, or more may be found. I do not speak of occasional transgressors of the game laws, as idle fellows out upon Sundays or holidays, who spend them in the capture of game partly for the pot, but as much by the way of pastime. These are poachers, punishable and punished all the same; but they are not accounted in the category of the regular, or, as he is often styled, "professional" poacher. True, he does not style himself so, only by his deeds having earned the designation; instead, he generally pretends to have some trade or other industry, and ostensibly practices it during the day. When night comes on down go his trade tools, and in their place, arming himself with nets, wire-snures, gins, and gun, he is off to the game preserves.

But there is also the real poacher, who disdains all such subterfuge, regardless of reputation as of law, who for his livelihood depends solely on the sale of the game he may capture. Not such a poor dependence is it, either, considering that hares sell for about three-pence each, pheasants the same, partridges five shillings a brace, and woodcock seven-and-sixpence a couple. True, these are the retail prices; but the licensed game-dealer himself—he must be licensed—has to give figures close up to them, whether he purchases from the owners of preserves or otherwise. He is not supposed to negotiate with the poacher at all, though he often, undoubtedly, does; and as the traffic is illegal, with as much danger to the buyer as the seller, the reduction in price is not so great as might be supposed.

In any case, the poacher receives a fair remuneration; and the more when his dealings are direct with the consumer—as they generally are. He can almost always dispose of hare or pheasant to the people residing in villas, and the shopkeepers of the towns; he is, there is never wanting, in any neighbourhood, a publican who makes surreptitious game-dealing a specialty, and is ready to act as his "fence" and receiver. It will thus be seen that he has no difficulty in finding a market for his commodities; and supposing him to take only a single hare or pheasant in the night, his gains are greater than those of the poor labourer, who toils all day for a two-shilling wage. From a night's poaching, however, there will frequently accrue many heads of game; hence the temptation to follow it as a profession.

AN ODD IDEA OF JUSTICE.

THE judicial sense is not largely developed among the officials of the East. A recent visitor to one of the Punjab jails was amazed to find a remarkably large number of old men among the prisoners, almost one convict in five having a gray beard. The jailor, being asked for an explanation, replied:

"It is a common practice, when a theft is brought home to a man by the police, for him to get an old father or an uncle to take the blame on himself, or he puts up a younger brother to do so. Before the Court these substitutes make full and circumstantial confession. They are convicted, and the real thieves get off, and it is for the family benefit this should be."

"A sturdy young man is able to do more for the family support by honest labour or thieving than an old man or a boy. The old man has lost many of the feelings which make liberty so dear to a young man. He cannot be put to any very hard labour, and will be well fed and well looked after while he is in jail. If a boy confesses, he will probably escape with a flogging. The conviction of an old man or a boy will look quite as well in the police returns as that of an able-bodied young man. So long as they get their conviction, the police don't trouble themselves very much about the matter."

ARE WIND INSTRUMENTS INJURIOUS TO THE HEALTH?

A MEDICAL man of great experience has recently published some useful and practical remarks in connection with the question whether the playing of wind instruments is detrimental to health. He considers that the very best instrument for the young amateur is the flute. Its practice, he asserts, is not only free from risk, but it may also be indulged in with positive benefit to the health, flute playing being a capital substitute for walking exercise.

His reasons for this opinion are that the pressure is very slight, the position of the body is good, and the respirations are free. The oboe, cornet, and clarinet, are all of them inferior to the flute in these respects. Most wind instruments can be played with impunity by young, vigorous, and healthy persons, provided, of course, that the latter are taught to respire properly, and that the duration of the practice is limited so as to fall short of fatigue until the mastery of the instrument has been obtained.

In the Highlands of Scotland there is an old saying that those who play the bagpipes never get consumption. This probably means that those persons with delicate chests, and who are predisposed to consumption, find that the bagpipes must be left to those who are healthy and strong.

A PLEASING ARRANGEMENT.

THIS is the experience of an English tourist who was journeying through an out-of-the-way part of America. He stopped for the night at one of the hotels of a certain locality. The hotel happened to be a log affair of three rooms and the same number of beds, while the proprietor was the proud parent of nine wild-looking sons under twelve years of age. After a supper of "hog and hominy," the host said to one of the boys:

"Come, Billy, get the broom straws."

Nine broom straws of unequal lengths were produced by Billy. The father hid them in his hand in such a manner that only an end of each straw could be seen. Then each boy drew a straw.

"Ha, ha!" said the merry parent jovially; "you and Buck and Lige get the short ones."

"What does that mean?" asked the amused guest, whose look of amusement faded away at the reply.

"Mean? Why, that's a little way we have of settling which three of 'em shall sleep with any gent that happens to stop over night with us. I s'pect you'll find Buck and Bill and Lige mighty lively bed-fellers, but don't you be afeared to give 'em a warmin' up with your boot or a bed slat if they get to carryin' on too high. Go 'long, boys, an' pile in with this gent, an' mind that you behave yourselves."

MRS. STREET: "I know your mother brought you up to respect old age."

MISS CLIPPER: "Yes, indeed; she didn't even allow us to laugh at an old joke."

SHORT CHAP: "Do you think a man can live too long?"

TALL FELLOW: "Indeed I do. I'm six feet six, and am always smashing my high hat."

MRS. HESPECK (hearing a rumour): "You Charles, I'd like to know what you are up to now!"

MR. HENPECK (feebly): "I suppose, my dear, I can fall down the cellar stairs if I want to."

How wonderfully are the inventions of man anticipated in the animal kingdom. The cuttle fish has the power of covering itself with a sudden effusion of inky fluid; and what more can man do with the most ingenious fountain pen?

WIFE: "You say you shot the duck yourself, John? I can find no marks on it."

HUSBAND (who had not thought of that): "Well—or—my dear, the bird was very high up, you know, and perhaps the fall killed it."

"BUT, George," said she to the handsome young volunteer, "what would you really do if there was a sudden cry 'To arms, to arms!'"

"Well," said George, "it would depend. If the cry issued from your lips I think I should come."

POMFANO (on the grand tour): "We have nothing like this in England, Blotterwick. I love these deep-arched doorways; they suggest quiet, contentment, and—er—repose, you know."

Blotterwick: "Yes, I like them first rate. Capital places in which to light a cigar."

A BACHELOR one day set the table in his lonely abode with plates for himself and an imaginary wife and five children. He then sat down to dine, and as he helped himself to food he put the same quantity on each of the other plates and surveyed the prospect, at the same time computing the cost. He is still a bachelor.

A GENTLEMAN admires a charming widow over whose head seventeen summers have passed at least three.

"Oh, yes," said one of his friends, "she's very charming, I know; still, you must admit that she is wrinkled."

"Wrinkled!" echoes the chivalrous lover. "No, sir. There may be the indelible impression of a smile upon her face here and there, but that is all."

"ARE you well acquainted with Mr. Rigby?"

"Quite well. He is employed in the same office as myself."

"I think he is such an interesting young man. He is always so melancholy. He surely must have suffered some great disappointment."

"Yes, he has."

"Oh, how romantic! How was it?"

"Why, he expected a rise in his salary on the first; and didn't get it."

AN excursion party from the country were standing on Queensferry Pier gazing with awe-struck eyes upon the Forth Bridge.

"Well, what do ye think o' that, Jamie?" asked one of the excursionists of his friend.

"Gosh, Willie," was the reply, "I never thoct it was to be a switchback. It'll be a precious long time ere I think o' riskin' my life flectin' up owre the tap o' thae ain pipes. Gosh, a body might dunt his head against the clouds. Na, na; I think it's a fair temptin' o' Providence," and so saying, Jamie turned away under the impression that the train had to mount to the top of the cantilevers instead of rushing through midway.

RING JOE.

He was well known in all parts of the Cohutta Valley, although he had no possessions to make him conspicuous among the humble people of that sequestered spot. None of them ever wore as shabby clothing as he, or were as slovenly in appearance. He hardly knew the name of a hair-brush or a comb, nor had his bearded face ever felt the touch of a razor.

They had given him an odd nickname. He was called "Ring Joe," because when he spoke—which he rarely did under any circumstances—he had a trick of moving his right hand in a circle before the person or persons he was addressing.

He was ugly, as a matter of course. His hair was long, of a yellow shade, and always unkempt. He was never known to show the slightest indication of anger at the many practical jokes that were constantly being played upon him. He never smiled, except when someone did him a kindness; then his blue eyes shone and his features underwent a change.

He attended the meetings regularly at the little log church, a few miles from his cabin. Not a few who found pleasure in meeting their friends, and inviting them home to Sunday dinners, as they stood gossiping after the services were over, wondered what Ring Joe could find to draw him there.

He never joined in the singing, nor the dancing, nor the playing at games. But when there had been a social gathering he was more ready to bring up the horses for the ladies to mount than any of the well-dressed swains present.

"It's a great pity more men ain't like Joe when it comes to the women folk. He's that mighty tender with a gal, that she can't help feelin' friendly to 'im," said a young maiden one night as Joe, after helping her to mount her horse, had run away to cut her a switch to use instead of a riding whip. This was Annie Wiggins, one of the prettiest girls in all the valley.

"Much obliged to you, Joe," she said, smiling down upon him as he handed her the switch. "Why don't you come over now an' then? Your cabin ain't so far from our'n. I tuk notice in passin' t' other day that you wuz gittin' your wheat groun' in powerful good order. I wouldn't mind the way these folks go on. Will you come over sometime?"

He grew blood-red beneath his matted hair. His toil-hardened hand began to make its helpless revolutions. For an instant his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth.

"The's nobody over thar that's a bother in' themselves 'bout me, I reckon," he blurted out, with his head lowered to hide his confusion.

"Well, you ort to be more neighbourly," said she, regarding him with a sweeping glance of concern, as her horse dashed away to join some others ahead.

Joe walked off down the road towards his cabin in the moonlight.

"I'll be blamed," he said to himself, as he sat down on a large boulder and brought Annie Wiggins' pretty face before his mind's eye; "I'll be switched ef I know what's got in me; I never in all my life felt sech a quar feelin'. Now I wonder what made her axe me to come over?"

That girl's face had been his companion for years. He had gone to meeting because she went. He had gone to the parties, gone and allowed himself to be the target of all the weak jokes that the swains could invent, in order that he might see her smile and hear her laugh. When alone in the field he was even fond of remembering how she looked when she was dancing with some one else.

He ran his fingers through his tangled hair, and looked down at the ragged mass of beard that lay on his breast. He was only thirty, and yet he might be taken for forty-five. The blood of shame suddenly flowed to his face. That very night they had taunted him about his uncouthness. They had done the same often before, but to-night it pained him inexpressibly to think that Annie had heard it.

The next day Joe's sister Martha, who lived on the other side of the mountain, was surprised to receive a visit from her brother. He sat down and was silent for a few minutes. Presently he said:

"Marthy, I've tuk a notion I'll let you cut my hair, ef you don't mind, an' trim my beard a little; they are continually a-gittin' pieces o' fodder an' sech in 'em when I feed my hosses. Summer is comin' on, too, an' long hair is powerful heavy an' hot."

When the operation was over, Joe surveyed his face in the little cracked mirror on the wall, and shook his head gravely.

"The's ain't no earthly use in me a-tryin' to change my looks. I'm just a scrub an' alays will be. I'm as much different to the common run o' folks as a runt pig is from the balance o' the litter."

As he trudged homeward over the mountain, Annie Wiggins' kindly smile and pretty face were before him. His heart swelled with a sort of soothing gratitude as he remembered that no one in all the world had ever spoken to him so considerately. "Why don't you come over now an' then, your cabin ain't so far from our'n?" Those had been Annie's words to him. How did she happen out of all the ranks of men and women who despised him, to speak so considerately? Could it be that she had read the worshipful glances he had been casting at her for years, and

taken pity on him? He rose and walked slowly onward. He would pass the spring where she usually went on that day of the week to wash for her people. He did so long to see her now. She was there under the spreading foliage of a beech-tree, looking more bewitching than ever, with her plump arms exposed, and her wealth of hair flowing over her shapely shoulders.

"Howdy, Joe!" she exclaimed. Then she laughed aloud and with good-natured merriment as she saw the changed condition of his hair. "I wouldn't a-knowned you 'cep' fur your walk. Well, Joe, it's an improvement an' no mistake. It gives you a sorter quare look, but you look sprucer than you did before."

"I got my sister Marthy to do it," said he, ringing the air with his hand and blushing deeply.

The smile slowly vanished from her face. She wrung out her white sheet; she spread it broadly to the breeze, and then hung it over a bush to dry; she paused for a moment and looked at him, but she did not catch his eyes.

"Joe," said she, growing pale, and with a serious, firm expression about her mouth, "Joe, I git out of all patience with you. What sort of a man are you, anyway? You've got more in you than half o' these no-account fellers in this valley, an' yit you let 'em run over you dry-shod and trample you in the earth. You are fur from being a fool, an' yit they all try to make you one, an' you 'low 'em. Ever since I seed you a-runnin' backards an' forards fur medicine an' the doctor when your sister wuz sick, a-givin' yourself ten times as much trouble on her account than her own husband—ever since then I've been of a notion that any woman 'ud do powerful well to have you to look arter her through her life. There's too precious few men of your sort, an' too blessed many that'll leave a sick woman an' go off an' git drunk. I git so sorry fur you a living in your lonely cabin by yourself, 'thout a woman's han' to do a turn fur you. You've done me an' mine many a good turn, an' I wish I could pay you back. Why do you live alone?"

He had turned two great staring eyes on her in utter surprise. He could hardly believe she was speaking of himself; he had been such an outcast for so long, and had been the butt of so much ridicule that he had never dreamed that anyone, she the very last of all, could find even the shadow of a good quality in him. She seemed to him to be an angel from above, bidding him hope when he had thought for so long that the doors of all the good in the world were closed against him. He could not answer her. She seemed moved by his surprise and emotion.

"Why do you live by yourself, Joe?" Her voice was quite husky, and her eyes were downcast as she repeated the question.

"I hain't had nobody to live with since mother died," said he, tremblingly. "Marthy hain't no room fur me in her cabin. I mought just as well peg 'long by myself."

"Did you never think o' marrying, Joe?"

"No."

"Why?"

He was sitting on a log. He hung his roughly shorn head, and his funnel-shaped hat, much too big for him since his hair was cut, fell into his lap. Why had he not thought of marrying? He had never had a thought of such a purpose but to one woman in all his life, and she was as high above him as the stars were from the earth.

He could not tell her why he had never thought of marrying. She read his thoughts and understood his silence—his humility. Her heart went out to him in a torrent of pity. His despondency wrung her heart-cords. She felt the strength of his adoration of herself even more than if he had ventured to express it in words. Her face lost all its colour, and took on an expression of determination as she drew near him. She sat down on the log at his side. He glanced at her then, and the blood ran into his face.

"Joe," said she, tenderly, "I believe you love me. I believe I'm the only woman in the world you ever did love, mebbe the only one you ever will keer fur. It has made me happier than a queen fur a long time. As God is my Maker, I believe I love you with all my heart, just as you are, 'thout a speck o' alteration. I don't know how I happen to be a-settin' here an' tellin' you, less'n it is kase you are so back'ard, an' people has trod on you so long. I don't believe I could live another day and see you troubled like you are and teased and treated like a dog among men, when not one o' 'em is fittin' to tie your shoe-strings. I love you, Joe, an' I'm proud of it."

The heavens seemed to split open before the dazed man. He essayed to speak, but his words clogged his utterance—he sat there and held her soft hand in his rough one till the sun began to bleed in red rays as it sank to rest. Then Annie went to her home and Joe to his. When he went to give his horses their food he threw his arms round their necks and hugged them in a paroxysm of joy.

Everybody in the valley was surprised beyond expression to hear that pretty Annie Wiggins was about to wed humble Ring Joe, but no more jests were passed at his expense. Indeed, they looked at him with glances of wonder mingled with respect, and forebore to call him by his nickname. He was a new man in more ways than one in their eyes. To their astonishment they learned that he had saved up quite a sum

of money, and was about to buy a tract of land for himself.

Soon Joe and Annie were married. Somehow his hair and beard were always nicely trimmed, and his clothing irreproachable. They lived very happily for several years. Two children came along, and they added brightness to the cabin. Then death threw his cold shadow upon the valley. Annie sickened and died. Sympathetic neighbours came to the bereaved husband, arranged the body for interment, and then bore it away to the little graveyard on the hillside. Joe went back to his cabin and his little ones. One of them was one year old, the other two. He had lived there a long time without Annie, he would try to take up the same routine again. His hair began to grow long, and his clothing to wear threadbare, as in the past. He did not shed tears, but when he was alone he groaned out in his agony.

After a few months had gone by his sister Martha and some of the good old women in the neighbourhood began to urge him to marry again, for the sake of the helpless children Annie had left behind. They talked it into his ears from morning till night; he must do it, they said, that his motherless children might have womanly advice and attention—he owed it to Annie's memory. They recounted the many virtues of the widow Sprague; she had tacitly given her consent to do all she could for the heart-broken man, as she, too, was alone and unprotected. He tried to look the situation over, but his mind was in a fog, he could only think as his advisers directed his mind. He yielded, leaving all arrangements to them. They almost led him to the church; he stood at the altar with his mind on the day when he had sat on the bench and looked over Annie's coffin at the minister who was preaching her funeral sermon.

He was hardly conscious of what he was doing when they drove him and his portly wife, much older than himself, over to his cabin and left them. He had no realisation of what had taken place; he had a faint remembrance that his friends had promised that all would be for the best, and he wondered how long it would be ere the pain would be taken from him.

The new wife went into the cabin and began to cook his supper—it was then dusk. Joe sat down and took his two children up in his arms. He rocked back and forth with their soft faces against his bearded cheeks, and watched the woman's movements as she busied herself round the fireplace. Close and still closer he pressed his little ones to his breast. His heart was swelled almost to bursting. The older child put up her little hand and softly stroked his beard. In her face the flickering firelight showed him Annie's features. Gently he put them down on the floor and went outside. On flew his thoughts. Unspeakable happiness—she was his wife, the mother of his children, whose tiny hands bound him and her even closer together, bound his soul to her soul! He saw her in the firelight in his cabin seated by his side.

The moon had climbed high up in the heavens, and had grown pale and small. His limbs were stiff with the dampness and coolness of the night, but the pictures of the past kept his blood warm and his heart quickly beating. His mind glided on. Annie sickened and died. He started. Dead? Gone from him for ever? Impossible! And yet over there on the hillside was her grave—he had seen her dead face in her coffin. And her children! Great heavens! they were in the care of another woman as different from their own mother as a stone is from a flower. That woman was even at that moment waiting and wondering what his absence betokened.

He stumbled over the ploughed ground, and through the woods to the cabin. A candle was burning on the dining-table, his new wife was sitting by the fire. She looked up into his face at first with a show of resentment, and then with affright. At the stony look and glaring orbs she cast down her eyes and said not a word. The children ran to him and clutched him with their tiny hands—on their faces were traces of tears. He took them into his arms and held them tightly, then he turned out into the night without a word to the silent, wondering wife. He strode across the meadow, the children fast asleep on his shoulders, and began to climb the mountain. He would pause now and then to rest, and then go laboriously onward again.

Just as dawn was breaking he descended the opposite mountain-side; and, as the first glinting rays of sunlight began to touch the valley, he arrived at his sister Martha's. She looked up in surprise as he appeared at the door, and intuitively comprehended the situation. Her heart melted. Martha put no questions to him, but made him come in and sit by the fire. She took the children, still asleep, from his stiff arms, and put them to bed. Then she told herself that she had made a mistake in inducing him to get married again; and she cried as she tucked the covers round the little ones, and resolved, as she had no children of her own, that her brother's should never leave her. She would give them a mother's love. Her tears flowed freely as she saw his head sink upon his breast. "He is asleep," said she, and her heart went out to him as it had never done before. When she had finished cooking the breakfast, she went to him to rouse him. She touched him tenderly, but he did not wake up.

Ring Joe was dead!

A WILLING VICTIM.

THE other day in the port of Shields a hoghead of treacle burst while being rolled from a dray in front of a grocer's premises. Nearly the whole of the liberated treacle obeyed the law of liquids, and found its level on the street, now the bed of a yellow river, in which the grocer stood aghast, ankle deep. Consternation, however, gave place to action. An empty cask was brought, and into this, with shovel, basin, and bucket, assisted by his man, his maid, and his mother, he poured the golden fluid.

The women of the neighbourhood and their bairns also set to work with great activity, but to their dismay a detachment of police came upon the ground, beat back the rebels before the juvenile portion of them were half sick, and formed a ring round the grocer's treasure, that he might pick it all up himself. But the urchins were not to be baffled. They held a conference, and laid a plot by which, through the instrumentality of the smallest of their number, they should secure a fair share of the spoil.

Tommy was to be taken to the outside of the ring, and, in a favourable moment, thrown in among the treacle, his friends pledging themselves to lick him clean, and assuring him that his clothes would be no worse, and his mother would never know any difference.

Tommy required no persuasion; he sneaked close to the heels of a policeman. His companions rushed upon him, and in a moment he was immersed. Being still in petticoats he presented a vast surface, compared with what any of his breeched brethren would have done, to the sweet substance in which he was rolled; and a burst of triumph, loud, long, and laughable, hailed him as he emerged, exclaiming, to keep up the trick, "Bau, gum, who did it?"

The innocent police, never dreaming of deceit, instead of arresting him for felony, helped him out of the mess, and scolded the wicked rogues who had pitched him into it. These, seizing their prize, hurried him into a convenient corner, where his worshippers were as numerous as a queen bee's. Vowing eternal friendship to Tommy, they licked him inside and out, and then sent him home all clammy, to be "licked" again by his mother.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF WOOLING.

PROBABLY there is no instance in which any two lovers have made love exactly in the same way as any other two lovers since the world began. Alexander made a bonfire for Thais. Bassanio soft-soldered Portia with a leaden casket. The garrulous female in the "Arabian Nights" told her husband stories. Hippomenes had a close race for Atalanta, but he played the apple game on her.

In the Polynesian Islands they win their hearts by beating their heads with a shillelagh. Newton poked down the tobacco of his pipe with his sweetheart's finger—a warm token of affection. Bothwell was inclined to Mary, and locked her up in his castle. Cobbett's wife caught him by the grace with which she used her wash-tub—she was never known to use it after the wedding. Nicholas of Russia wanted to "pop" at a dinner-table, but didn't like to be caught at it, so he imbedded a ring in a lump of bread and handed it to her.

Charlemagne's secretary was caught by a snow-storm "sparking" the emperor's daughter at midnight, and she carried him home on her back, so that his foot-steps shouldn't be traced. The emperor heard of it, and saddled him to her for the balance of her life.

OFF DUTY.

A VISIT TO A POLICE SECTION-HOUSE.

A FEW nights ago I paid a visit to a police "section-house," or barracks, where 168 men of the A division of the Metropolitan Police are housed. The building stands in a side street, and makes no pretence at architectural beauty. It is a plain, red-brick barrack. The interior, too, is equally devoid of ornament, but its defects in this direction are almost atoned for by the solid comforts secured by a good plan.

The first room I entered was the billiard-room, where a dozen or more men in civilian dress were quietly amusing themselves. Besides two full-sized billiard-tables, there were side tables for draughts and backgammon, and a piano at the end of the room. A few pictures were hanging on the walls and helped to make the room bright and cheerful.

Of a similar character was the reading-room, where the principal daily and weekly papers are taken in. The dining-room is a large plain room, with solid deal tables, and a great fire at one end burns day and night, its main functions being to heat and keep hot two great cauldrons of water which hang above it for the use of the men when they come in. Close to the dining-room is the kitchen, with the ordinary appliances for cooking on a large scale.

Having seen these rooms, I was taken upstairs to the dormitories, which are perhaps the most interesting feature of the building. Each dormitory consists of a

long room with a passage down the middle, and on either side cubicles or "bunks" partitioned off by match-boarding, which reaches to a height of about eight feet from the ground. A policeman's "bunk" is a perfect little sleeping-place. It has its own window and ventilator, a comfortable bed, a large chest of drawers, and a little writing-table—the whole compacted into an area about nine feet by six. Washing is done in a lavatory just outside the dormitory, where each man keeps his own towels and sponge hanging up. Adjoining the lavatory are two bathrooms with hot and cold water laid on.

The rent paid is one shilling a week, for which the tenant gets a furnished bed-room, with a weekly supply of clean sheets and towels, and the use of all the common rooms of the section-house. In addition to his rent, however, each tenant pays one shilling a week "house-money," most of which is laid out in wages to women employed to make the beds, keep the rooms clean, and do the cooking. But the house-money is under the control of the community, and any profit that accrues from it is devoted to increasing the common comforts. Thus, the billiard tables and piano were mostly paid for out of the house-money surplus. In the same way the profits of the canteen go into the common fund.

The canteen, by the way, is down in the basement, and for some reason this seems to be the arrangement in most of the section-houses. No spirits are sold in the canteen, and only the best beer is bought and retailed with a moderate profit. The canteen is managed by the men themselves, two bar-tenders being elected for each week, and paid a small wage for serving. Besides beer, they have to dispense bread, butter, jam, eggs, tea, condensed milk, etc. These tea and breakfast commodities each man buys for himself, and keeps in his own locker in the common pantry, but the dinner meal is the subject of a different arrangement.

For dinner, whether it occurs at night or in the middle of the day, messes consisting of twenty-four or twenty-five men are formed. Each week a caterer is elected whose duty it becomes to buy meat and vegetables and pudding materials for the whole mess. At the end of the week he presents his accounts and the cost is divided. On the average, the cost to each man of his dinners for the week ranges from five shillings to six shillings, for which he gets an excellent dinner of meat, vegetables, and pudding, the cooking being paid for out of the house-money.

Besides the canteen, which is rather a poky place, the basement contains a large room for cleaning uniforms, another for drying them, and a third for hanging them up. Also a boot-room, where each man has his own locker, containing brushes and blacking; and a box-room.

Altogether, this section-house seemed to be admirably designed for its purpose. Whether the rents charged pay for the cost of the building and the expenses of maintenance, I had no means of ascertaining, but as 168s. a week are the equivalent of £436 a year, it is possible that there is even a margin of profit for the Government.

A RACE FOR A WIFE.

No crime in Lapland, saving only that of murder, is punished more severely, or summarily, than is the marrying of a young woman against the express wishes of her parents. A girl is not forced to look a suitor in the eyes and tell him she does not love him, nor is she forced to give her reasons for refusing. Nothing of the kind. The parents of the damsel, when her hand has been asked in marriage by one whom they are willing to receive, say to one another, "If our daughter will have this man, we will accept him for a son. Let the case be decided, even as it was decided when Lulea of the glen turned in her flight and bowed the head to Lapp-Alten."

Accordingly, information is given to the damsel that a suitor has applied for her hand. Perhaps she knows the young man, while it may be she has never seen him. However, on a day appointed, the girl and her parents, with their friends, come together, and sit at meat, the suitor and the object of his desires being placed opposite to one another, so that they can converse freely, and each view the other's face. When the feast is concluded the company repair to an open space, where the "race for a wife" is to be run.

The distance marked off is generally about a quarter of a mile, and the girl is placed about a third of the whole distance in advance of the starting-point; so that if she be at all fleet of foot, and so desires, she can easily avoid the suitor; for, if he does not overtake her before she reaches the end of the race she is free, and he may never trouble her again. In this way, it will be seen, a modest maiden is spared all perplexity or possible shame of refusal. If she does not wish the young man for a husband, she has but to keep her back to him and make for the goal, which she is sure to reach first if she chooses. While, on the other hand, if the suitor has pleased her, and she will have him, she has only to lag in her flight and allow him to overtake her; and if she be particularly struck—if she would signify to the lover that his love is returned—she can run a short distance, then stop, and turn, and invite him with open arms.

"Why is it that you write your bills on rose paper with perfumed envelopes?"

"Because," answered the tailor, "the young fellows imagine they are love letters, and are sure to open them."

MISS GLOBETROTTER (on Western ranch): "Dear me! I don't see how each man can pick out his own cattle among these thousands!"

Lariat Luke: "H'm! The real trouble, madam, comes when a feller picks out cattle that ain't his."

"I'm all right now," said a notorious burglar to one of his "pals." "No fear now that I shall ever be troubled about that little burglary the other night."

"How is that? Why do you feel so safe?" inquired the "pal."

"Because the case has been put into the hands of the detectives," triumphantly exclaimed the burglar.

STRANGER (to small boy): "C-c-can y-y-you t-tell m-me wh-when th-the next train g-goes n-n-north, s-s-sonny?"

Small Boy: "F'i' minutes pas' three."

Stranger: "H-h-have I g-g-got t-t-time to c-c-catch it?"

Small Boy: "Not unless you kin walk faster'n you kin talk, mister."

MANY a year ago a youthful man of letters arrived at Etratat with a letter of introduction to Alphonse Karr. He had been particularly told of Karr's passionate love of the sea; and, finding the author of "Genevieve" seated on the beach mending a net, he immediately began an enthusiastic outburst of compliments about the grandeur of the ocean.

"Monsieur," interrupted Karr, "I love the sea; we have lived together a long time. But if you have come all the way from Paris to disgust me with it, I can only say it is a wicked thing to do."

A MAN from the country went into a second-hand Whitechapel shop and asked the proprietor to show him a spring overcoat.

"Certainly; ye are just putting down de brices on shbring shtock."

Suddenly there was a terrific hammering and a great hubbub in the rear room.

"For goodness sake, what's that?" asked the customer.

"Oh, don't get wrightened. Dot's only my son Isaac knocking down de brice on shbring goods," said the proprietor.

THE boatmen of Loch Tay, as a rule, meet each night to have a crack over their brown twist and "the genuine," and usually compare notes as to the day's business. This gathering is really a sort of trade protection society meeting, for any close-fisted disciple of the genial Isaak is described so minutely that when he next turns up he may rest assured that anyone else on the look-out will get the preference. On the other hand, the boatmen do not tout in order to secure the best and most open-handed angler, but leave him to select his craft unbiassed. One Saturday night the air was redolent of the strongest odour of nicotine, which evinced a good attendance.

"I say, Geordie Lennox, an' hoo did ye get on the day wi' yon bit chappie? Did ye catch muckle?" asked one of the older-seasoned craft.

"Catch muckle, did ye say?" responded the worthy addressed. "Catch, ha, ha! no' verra likely. The narra carle had ne'er a drap wi' him, and aae I jist tak' him whaur there was na ae fish for the catchin'."

Talk of fishermen's missions—there is apparently room for one inland as well as by the coasts.

PEARSON'S SOAP PRIZES.

EVERY purchaser of a 34d. tablet of Pearson's Toilet Soap will have a chance of winning a sovereign. Round each cake a circular is wrapped, and at the foot of this circular is a coupon which entitles the holder to try for a prize in the SOAP COMPETITIONS.

We offer Ten Prizes of £1 each to the senders of the best ten anagrams on the words, "PEARSON'S TOILET SOAP IS THE BEST." Every anagram must be accompanied by a coupon taken from the circular in which each cake is wrapped, and envelopes containing them, marked SOAP, must reach us before or by first post on Monday, July 6th. In our issue for the week ending July 11th further prizes will be announced.

As a sample of a good anagram, we give the one which gained a recent prize offered to cyclists.

The words HUNDRED POUNDS INSURANCE FOR CYCLISTS became:—

CONFIDENT RIDERS, CAN YOU SPURN SUCH A S. I. A.?

Competitors may send any number of anagrams so long as each one is accompanied by a separate coupon. They should write just their anagram and name and address lengthways on a half-sheet of note-paper, and send it with the coupon. Separate anagrams may be sent in together or separately. Coupons from circulars the same colour as the wrapper of the paper are marked "cancelled," and do not confer the right to enter the competition, for these circulars are used only as advertisements. The proper coupons are on the circulars WRAPPED ROUND EACH CAKE OF SOAP.

Remember that Pearson's Soap is in every respect equal to the very best at present upon the market, and that purchasers of it gain the opportunity of entering an easy competition, in which there will be a very large number of Prizes.

Inquire at once of your chemist or grocer for PEARSON'S SOAP. Sole makers:—Messrs. HODGSON & SIMPSON, of Wakefield, who supply the trade only, paying carriage on lots of five gross and upwards. Small quantities can be obtained by the trade from wholesale grocers throughout the kingdom. If you cannot get Pearson's Soap from your local chemist or grocer, kindly communicate with Messrs. Hodgson & Simpson's London agent—Mr. H. SCOTT MACPHERSON, St. George's House, Eastcheap, E.C.

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

REPLIES.

451. Which is the Busiest Street in the World?

The busiest street in the world, if it can actually be called one, is Mansion House Street, a small thoroughfare in front of the Mansion House, London, into which the City pours its seven great arteries of traffic. It is the most bewildering, as it is the most dangerous of crossings. But consisting as it does of only a few houses it can hardly be termed a street, and it is to Cheapside as a thoroughfare proper that the designation of the busiest street in the world has to be given. Here a bewildering amount of vehicular and foot passenger traffic is in evidence between the hours of 8.30 a.m. and 7 p.m., although before and after these hours Cheapside is practically deserted. All the main thoroughfares leading to the City from the great termini of London are densely crowded morning and evening by the hundreds of thousands of business men and clerks who go to their employment daily. It is estimated that some 12,000 vehicles, a fourth of them being omnibuses, pass through the Strand during the day, not to mention pedestrians, while upon London Bridge may be seen a constant stream of pedestrians and vehicles from early morning until night. Of the former alone some 120,000 pass over daily. Of streets abroad, the Pont Neuf—although it is no more a street than our London Bridge—is the most crowded, while Broadway, New York, and Collins Street, Melbourne, are both of them always very busy. The chief street of Tokio, in Japan, is three miles long and is full of stalls and shops, presenting a very animated appearance. It is, however, not much more than a bazaar, and can hardly be called a busy street in the same sense as the others named.

452. How Much does a Cow Consume Daily when Grazing in a Field?

A cow will consume from one to one and a half cwt. of grass daily, varying, of course, according to age and size; or, during seven months of grazing, as much as twelve to sixteen tons of green food. Pastures which would by July have growth enough on them to make from twenty to forty cwt. of hay per acre, and which will, when that is cut, grow probably three-fifths as much grass after July 1 as they had grown before, will, if their growth be eaten down from week to week throughout the season, have produced from seven to fourteen tons of green food per acre. From one and a quarter acres of the best grass-lands to as much as two and a half of the poorer class land will then be wanted for the summer maintenance of a cow. One acre of whole grass and the aftermath of another acre which had been grown for winter hay, will, in the former case, be sufficient for a cow; and double that extent will be needed in the latter case. The cow will thus receive a quarter of a cwt. of hay daily during the five winter months. It is computed that there are about 3,700,000 cows in this country kept for milking purposes. The average yield of each animal is 440 gallons of milk during one year, which gives a total of 1,628,000,000 gallons. Nearly two million gallons daily are consumed as milk, leaving about 900,000,000 gallons to be converted into butter and cheese. This produces 89,825 tons of butter and 126,000 tons of cheese. It was estimated in 1883, by the Public Analysts' Society, that the milk consumers of England were paying at least £1,500,000 per annum for water sold as milk.

454. What Causes the Peculiar Sensation Felt in Hitting the "Funny Bone"?

This most unpleasant sensation is caused by the violent excitation of the ulnar nerve due to a blow on the elbow. This nerve passes down the inner side of the arm, and then, rather inconsiderately, bends round and enters the forearm at the back of the elbow joint. Anyone who has felt his neighbour's elbow sticking into his ribs knows that the elbow is remarkably deficient in flesh. The nerve is, therefore, at this point very near the surface, and has little to shield it from a blow. If we are so unfortunate as to give our elbow a smart tap we obtain a practical confirmation of the fact that the ulnar nerve is the principal sensory nerve of the forearm and hand.

453. What Nobleman in the United Kingdom Possesses the Greatest Number of Titles?

The Duke of Athole may claim to have the greatest number of titles. Besides his dukedom, he holds two marquises, five earldoms, three viscounties, eight baronies, and is also a Knight of the Thistle. Twenty distinct titles in all. He is, moreover, co-heir of five other baronies. The following is a list of the four most titled members of our aristocracy:

	Duke of Athole.	Duke of Buccleuch.	Duke of Abercorn.	Duke of Hamilton.
D.	1	2	2	3
Mar.	2	1	2	2
E.	5	5	1	3
Vi.	3	3	2	—
B.	8	6	8	8
Bt.	—	—	1	—
Kt.	1	2	1	—
	20	19	17	16

Though the Duke of Hamilton stands last on the list, in antiquity and dignity his titles will compare with those of any peer in Europe. All four of these peers are of Scottish extraction, and it is not difficult to imagine how so many lordships should have accumulated and passed into the hands of those who bear the powerful names of Stewart and Murray, of Douglas, of Hamilton, and of Scott. It is correct, in thus counting up titles, to reckon two, or even three degrees of rank taken from the name of the same place as distinct dignities; the higher patent does not cancel the lower; the Duke of Buccleuch is still Earl of Buccleuch, and the Duke of Athole is not only Earl, but also Marquis of Athole.

455. From what Spot in England can the Greatest Extent of Surrounding Country be Seen?

Leith Hill (993 ft.) in Surrey. Aubrey reckons as visible from its summit parts of Sussex, Surrey, Hants, Berks, Oxfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Hertfordshire, Middlesex, Kent, Essex, and by the help of a telescope, Wiltshire. On July 15, 1844, the air being remarkably clear, a party of the Ordnance Surveyors encamped on the hill, saw with the naked eye an observatory, only nine feet square, near Ashford, in Kent; and with a small telescope, a staff only four inches in diameter, on Dunstable Downs. The spires of forty-one churches in London were also visible as well as the scaffolding round the new Houses of Parliament. From one part the high grounds about Nettlebed, in Oxfordshire, are sometimes visible, and the sea opens southward through Shoreham Gap. The area included in the view from the highest part of the hill is about 200 miles in circumference.

456. Are Long Legs any Advantage in Running?

Long legs are an advantage to a long distance runner, but a disadvantage in "sprinting," or short-distance races. In the latter case a man with short legs is able to get the mechanism of his body quicker into motion and his steps are shorter, whilst long legs are not adapted to the taking of quick steps; on the other hand in long distances more space is covered at each stride. A man of six feet is scarcely ever a good short-distance runner, and a man of five feet four inches may be a good short-distance runner, but is very seldom first-rate at a long distance, where the length of the step is an important element in success. A man of five feet seven or eight inches can adapt himself most easily to either the one or the other, and it is from men of this height that first-rate runners are chiefly recruited, for both short and long distances.

457. Are our Domestic Fowls Indigenous to this Country?

This is a question concerning which there is much speculation, and it is possible that no conclusive evidence will be forthcoming as to the primary source of the domestic fowl. It is, however, certainly not indigenous to this country. Its origin was for long attributed to Persia, but it has been impossible to trace any specimen of wild fowl there. The most generally accepted belief is that it is to be traced to the Jungle Cock of northern India from which, without doubt, we derive our species of game bird. Caesar found the fowl in Britain when he landed on its shores, and it is supposed to have reached Europe from the East some six centuries before Christ. The Dorking fowl is one of the oldest breeds in the country, and is reared in immense quantities near the town in Surrey after which it is called.

458. Which British Trees are most Rapid and most Slow of Growth?

There are some situations and conditions that are more favourable to the growth of trees than others, but taken altogether the Black Poplar is the most rapidly growing of our trees, and the Yew the slowest. Next to these would come the Willow and the Box. The Poplar will make shoots three inches in diameter and sixteen feet long during a single season, and in forty years will increase to a diameter of thirty-three inches, at eight inches above the ground, and to a height of eighty-six feet eight inches, while in the case of the Willow a single shoot has grown fourteen feet in the season. The Box is of exceedingly slow growth, rarely making more than eight to ten shoots annually. It is, however, very hardy and bushy. The old-fashioned Yew makes very slow progress, a plant at the age of ten years being seldom more than a yard high. Apart from the British Isles, the fastest growing tree is undoubtedly the Bamboo, which, however, is, strictly speaking, a grass. From observations made in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, it was found that a bamboo lengthened in stem at the rate of about five and four-fifths inches daily. In the West Indies it has been known to grow some two feet in twenty-four hours. Warm climates favour its growth, and in the South of France it will be found growing in nearly every garden, and put to all sorts of uses indoors. The Eucalyptus is the fastest grower of trees proper; it increases as much as twenty-four feet in three months. One of these trees has been found in Australia, having a circumference of eighty-one feet and a height of nearly 500 feet.

459. In which Month is the Average Temperature Highest and Lowest in this Country?

The hottest month in the year, according to the latest statistics, is undoubtedly July, and the coldest January. Our British climate is, however, so variable that it is quite possible that June or August of this year will record the highest temperature. In recent years the mean temperature has averaged 61 degrees for July and 36 degrees for January. For August the average has been 60 degrees and for December 37 degrees. In this country the rainfall of every month varies to a remarkable extent. One year a month may show a heavier rain-fall than any other in the twelve, while the next year its position may be reversed, and it may stand at the bottom of the list instead of the top. The following figures give the result of observations on this point, stretching over a period of more than thirty years, and from them it appears that on the average most rain falls in October and least in February:—

Months.	Inches.
October ...	2.67
November ...	2.53
September ...	2.40
August ...	2.40
July ...	2.37
December ...	2.02
May ...	1.96
June ...	1.83
April ...	1.73
January ...	1.68
March ...	1.61
February ...	1.58

460. What is the Life of a Railway Locomotive and Carriage?

The life of a locomotive engine and tender is generally taken to be between ten and fifteen years. During a fully lived life it would cover as many as 500,000 miles, although some stop short at half this number. The cost of an engine and tender amounts to between £2,000 and £3,000, and there are constant repairs necessary, which total up to an average of £164 per annum. The painting takes place generally at periods of four years, and alone costs £15 to £20. The average life of a carriage or waggon is eighteen years, and it costs about £20 per annum for repairs. The cost of railway carriages differs a good deal, as the quality of the carriages varies so much on the different lines. Besides this, railway carriages are as often as not made up of several compartments of different classes, thus making it harder than ever to determine the average cost of constructing carriages consisting of one compartment only. By taking the figures at which the leading companies put the cost of their carriages, we arrive at the conclusion that the average price may be estimated as follows:—1st class, £650; 2nd class, £560; 3rd class, £430.

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive replies to any of the questions asked here from readers who have the knowledge and ability to answer them. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay for all matter printed at our ordinary rate of two guineas a column. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries. Envelopes should be marked "Replies," in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Tuesday of the week following their publication. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

QUESTIONS.

481. Is it possible to tell the age of a fish?
482. How did the different colours of the human race arise?
483. What is a manor?
484. At what age does a child begin to think?
485. Which is the largest cemetery in this country?

486. At what period of its life does a tree grow most quickly?

487. To what may the "twang" of a Yankee be attributed?

488. Which English monarchs have since the year 1066 been buried out of England?

489. Which trees keep their leaves longest?

490. What is the annual cost of a prisoner to the State?

ARMENIAN LULLABY.

Is thou wilt close thy drowsy eyes,
My mulberry one, my golden son!
The rose shall sing thee lullabies,
My pretty cosset lambkin!
And thou shalt swing in an almond-tree,
With a flood of moonbeams rocking thee—
A silver boat in a golden sea—
My velvet love, my nestling dove,
My own pomegranate blossom!

The stork shall guard thee passing well
All night my sweet, my dimple feet!
And bring thee myrrh and asphodel,
My gentle rain of spring-time!
And, for thy slumbrous play, shall twine
The diamond stars with an emerald vine—
To trail in the waves of ruby wine—
My hyacinth-bloom, my heart's perfume,
My cooing little turtle!

And when the morn wakes up to see
My apple-bright, my soul's delight,
The partridge shall come calling thee,
My jar of milk and honey!
Yes, thou shalt know what mystery lies
In the amethyst of the curtained skies
If thou wilt fold thy onyx eyes,
You wakeful one, you naughty son,
You chirping little sparrow!

HOW TO TELEGRAPH ON A SUNBEAM.

THE art of signalling in warfare has been carried to greater perfection in America than anywhere else, and has by the Americans been brought to a stage of perfection quite beyond the old ideas of conveying intelligence by waving flags. For short ranges the flags serve as a sufficiently good means of transmitting signals by waving them right and left, an operation which old soldiers will recall by its common name of "wigwagging." But the striking distance of battle has been enormously lengthened nowadays, and the waving flags have thereby lost their former usefulness.

For the long range which modern arms have given warfare, signalling has had to seek a co-ordinately long-range means of operating, and to accomplish this end the sun has been enlisted in the Signal Corps. First Sergeant Sol is a tractable soldier and requires no extensive equipment to be of service. The one essential is a mirror, and all that is additional in his equipment for the field is demanded only by convenience. With a bright sun and a bit of looking-glass, the signal officer can send messages as far as the eye can reach, and almost the only limit to his operations is the fact that the earth, by its rotundity, gets in the way of his servile sunbeam.

Each heliograph station is manned by an officer and a few men who have received the special instruction necessary to fit them for the delicate duties of signalling. The mechanical equipment consists of a highly-silvered mirror mounted upon a tripod, and a powerful field-glass. With these articles two signal parties on distant peaks may communicate with one another almost as rapidly as they could click out a message with the telegraph key, and with far greater security, since there is no wire for a prowling enemy to tap.

The instrument is delicate, yet strong, because of its extreme simplicity. The mirror is a square of heavy glass of even texture and free from flaws, which might diffuse, and to that extent weaken the beam. For ordinary field use the mirror supplied is four and a half inches square, but larger sizes are issued to particularly important and permanent stations. At the intersection of the two diagonals of the square a spot is left unsilvered and bare of the heavy coat of varnish which protects the reflecting surface of amalgam; being not so large as the head of a common lead-pencil, this bare spot does not subtract to an appreciable extent from the power of the reflecting beam, yet serves a most important end in sighting the instrument.

The mirror is hung upon a horizontal axis in a manner which allows of its adjustment to accord with the ever-varying altitude of the sun; this axis is journaled in a stout frame, which is itself rigidly fastened upon the extremity of a metal bar, and accurately right-angled to its plane, and to its length. The bar is mounted upon the tripod in such a manner as to permit of aiming at the communicating station and then locking the system against accidental derangement after the range has been obtained.

At the other end of the bar is a mounted sighting-rod, a small tongue of metal, which rises to the exact height of the unsilvered spot in the mirror at the other end of the bar. Looking through this peep-hole, the signal officer turns the bar until he brings the tip of the sighting-rod exactly upon the station with which he intends to open communication, an operation no more difficult than sighting a rifle. Having aligned the instrument, the sun is brought to bear by turning the mirror until the light is thrown upon the sighting-rod.

When the sunbeam has been stretched from peak to peak the station is open for the transaction of business, and here comes in the difference between British and

American systems of heliography. British signallists interrupt the beam by moving the mirror in and out of direction, a process which is likely to spoil the range. The American system interrupts the beam by a movable screen. The beam of sunlight is in itself no message any more than the telegraph wire-strung along the railway is a Press dispatch, but it will carry a message just as efficiently as a wire.

The method of sending messages along this beam is a simple adaptation of the Morse code from sound to sight, in which the beam, screened by the shutter, is allowed to pass in dots and dashes. The screen is a simple yet effective combination of two metal shutters, which open away from the horizontal line and fall together of their own weight when the finger is removed from the key which operates them. This shutter is mounted on a tripod, so as not to interfere with the alignment of the instrument. When all this is in position the shutter is opened and immediately closed. In the signal code this represents a dot, and is the unit of all the work. Holding the shutter for the space of three units shows a dash to the distant station, a three-dot period of obscurity marks the pause between letters, and double this is used to separate words.

From peak to peak of the Rocky Mountains a net of heliograph stations was recently laid out. They were used to conduct to a successful issue the longest range of signalling ever attempted. A range of 125 miles was reached, and communication was maintained over this distance, a feat which is simply astounding when one stops to think what must be the apparent magnitude of a four and a half inch square of glass 125 miles away, and to consider that it is by the eclipse of this microscopic grain of light, the very microbe of a spark, that messages are sent. This is the maximum, but ranges of 100 miles have been not uncommon in practice. The average heliographing distance is about fifty-five miles.

Over the telegraph the flashing mirror has the distinct advantage that it is far more portable, and that its line, no matter how long, may be laid in, indeed, nothing more than the twinkling of an eye, even though that eye be glass. These are lines of communication which the army teamster will not cut to mend his broken traces with, nor will the curious private break them just for the purpose of seeing what they are made of.

Over the waving flags the sunbeam is superior in that it goes direct to its mark, passes unseen through the air, and no one can see the message except he be at the other station. But the flags, waved in plain sight of friend and foe, were babbling messengers, and told their message to all who chose to look at their one-two motions. Even if the cipher held the meaning close, a thing which ciphers rarely succeed in doing, the flaunting flag was always waving a challenge to the hostile sharpshooters to destroy the communication. But the unobtrusive heliograph will call no attention to its incessant activity, and the enemy must indeed draw a bow at a venture, which will, undoubtedly, be a good thing for signal officers and a comfort to their friends.

VISITING IN CHINA.

VISITING is made a most serious business in China, and every individual of respectability must have a servant to carry and present his cards. A Chinese card is not a white glazed little piece of pasteboard, but a huge sheet of scarlet paper, with the name inscribed in large characters, the more mammoth-like the character the more respectable it is.

Cards are of several kinds. There is the plain card—a single sheet of scarlet paper—with the name written or stamped nearest the right hand and topmost sides. This is employed on common occasions. Then there is the official card, mostly used by mandarins on visits of ceremony. This is also a single sheet, and it contains the name, preceded by the entire title written down the centre, from top to bottom.

Then, again, there is the full card, which is only produced on very grand occasions, such as New Year visits of congratulation or condolence. The full card is folded and must contain ten folds. It does not give titles, but simply contains the name of the individual written in the right-hand and bottom corner of the first, prefixed by the words, "Your stupid younger brother," and followed by the words, "bows his head and pays his respects."

Where the person visited belongs to a generation senior to the visitor, the latter styles himself "Your stupid nephew." If to two generations senior, the visitor writes, "Your more than stupid nephew." Should the individual visited belong to a younger generation, the visitor takes to himself the name of "uncle" instead of "nephew," retaining, however, the depreciative appellation of "stupid." There are still further varieties of self-abnegation, according to the particular gradation of relationship; but those we have quoted will suffice to give an idea to our home readers of the rules peculiar to Chinese visiting.

We may add that the card last described is, as a matter of etiquette, always understood to be returned to the visitor, it being presumed expensive to leave such voluminous proofs of regard with a number of friends.

A BOY WITH A 'EAD.

A BOY about twelve years old stood on the kerbstones in a street in Camden Town and looked fixedly at a third-storey window on the opposite side of the street. After a minute or two three or four pedestrians halted, and following the direction of his gaze, they discovered what had attracted his attention. On a window-sill sat a bird-cage with a canary hopping about on the perch in alarm. On the sill of the next window, not more than four feet away, crouched a cat, with eyes fastened on the bird and her tail waving in the air.

"Woman has gone out or is busy in the back rooms," mused the boy aloud, "and the cat is bound to get the bird. May also knock the cage off the sill and give somebody a whack on the head."

He stooped down and picked up a stone from the dirt, and measuring the distance with his eye, said:

"I can do it easily enough, but the chances are that I shall break a pane of glass. Let's see. They are about ten by fourteen. Don't believe they cost over a shilling a piece. Question is, shall I save a canary worth 7s. 6d. by smashing a pane of glass worth a shilling! Clear profit to the woman, 6s. 6d. I'll smash."

He got a good grip of the stone, drew back his arm and sent the stone whizzing at the feline, then just about to spring. It went over her by a foot, and through a pane of glass, and she gave a jump, nearly fell into the street, and disappeared into the second window. Fifteen seconds later a woman appeared at the window where the bird was, looked out in alarm and took the cage in. Not one of the group said a word until all was over. Then everybody smiled in a satisfied way, and a labouring man, with a carrotty beard, patted the boy on the back in a fatherly way, and said:

"Ah! my son, if I only 'ad the 'ead on me that you've got I'd be a rich man in less than five years."

MAGISTRATE: "Pat Murphy, the constable says you were fighting. What have you to say for yourself?"

PAT MURPHY: "Well, your worship, Oi had a clean white shirt on, an' Oi was so mighty proud av it that Oi got up a bit av a row wid a man so as Oi cud take me coat an' wescot off and show it."

A LADY had a favourite lap-dog, which she called Porchance.

"A singular name," said somebody, "for a beautiful pet. Where did you find it?"

"Oh," said she, "it was named after Byron's dog. You remember where he says, 'Porchance my dog will howl!'"

LAWYER (to witness, sharply): "What did the prisoner do next?"

Witness (hesitatingly): "I think—"

LAWYER: "Stop there; you are not to say what you think."

Witness: "That's lucky for you; you might hear something you wouldn't consider flattering."

It happened at a public ball. He was a man of serious intentions and numerous attentions, and she was rich and weddable. They sat in the hall under the stairway. It was a nook for lovers. There was not a soul in sight, and he thought his golden opportunity had arrived. Down he flopped on his knees and clasped her hand.

"Dear one," he whispered, not very loud, but loud enough, "I have loved you with the whole strength and ardour of a man's nature when it is roused by all that is pure and good and lovely in woman, and I can no longer restrain my pent-up feelings. I must tell you what is in my heart, and assure you that never yet has woman heard from my lips the secrets that are throbbing and —"

Just then a rustle was heard on the stairs above them, and a card fastened to a thread swung down and dangled not two inches from the lover's nose. On it were these portentous words—"I'm a bit of a liar myself." Then the awful truth flashed upon him and he fled. As he went out of the door sixteen girls from the head of the stairs sent sixteen laughs out into the damp night after him. He makes no love at balls now.

MORE TEA-SETS FOR ANAGRAMS.

PRIZES.

THE competition recently announced, in which the proprietors of Dalu-Kola tea asked us to offer ten three-guinea afternoon tea-sets as prizes, was entered for so largely by our readers that they wish us to repeat the offer.

We will therefore give ten three-guinea afternoon tea-sets, consisting of specially modelled silver teapot, cream jug and sugar basin, to the senders of the ten best anagrams on the words

DALU-KOLA IS TAMIL FOR TENDER LEAF.

Competitions, marked TEA, must reach us before or by first post on Monday, July 20th, and each anagram must be accompanied by a label cut from a Dalu-Kola tea packet. Any number of anagrams may be sent so long as there is a label with each. DALU-KOLA TEA is on sale at grocers throughout the kingdom, and any grocer who does not keep it can get it for you from the DALU-KOLA Tea Company, Imperial Warehouses, Leaman Street, London, E.C. It is sold in quarter, half, and one-pound packets at 2s. 4d., 2s., and 1s. 10d. per pound. Please note that anagrams are to be sent to the Editor of Pearson's Weekly, Temple Chambers, London, E.C., and not to the offices of the Dalu-Kola Tea Company.

SOMETHING NEW AND STRANGE.

Under this heading we publish brief accounts of new and curious inventions and discoveries. Should any readers have something exceptional of the kind which they would like to communicate to the world at large, we shall be very glad if they will make this the medium for doing so.

BILLS are now posted in Paris by machinery, which is said to be an improvement on the hand and paste-pot system.

TAYLOR's patent Step Ladder is a useful combination of a pair of steps and a long ladder. The steps fold like an ordinary pair, but on opening out the back legs, spring bolts come automatically into action, and hold the steps perfectly rigid, without requiring stays or chains. On releasing the bolts by pulling out two knobs, the steps may be closed, or the back legs turned upwards, when the spring bolts again come into action, forming a stiff and useful lean-to ladder. The London agent is Mr. W. J. Hurry, 63, St. Martin's Le Grand.

MR. N. POULSON, an American iron manufacturer, has introduced a novelty in building construction in the shape of a copper house, which he has had erected in South Brooklyn, near Fort Hamilton. It is constructed entirely of metal, on a light framework of steel, the floors being supported by arches. The walls are composed of large copper plates riveted together with double seams and bound with iron. The cornices, trimmings, posts, railings, and sheathings are entirely of iron. The copper is not polished, but each plate is set in, rough hammered. Every plate makes a panel with the iron bindings. In three of these panels brass medallions are set in bas relief. On the two tall brick chimneys is iron bas relief, one figure representing a phoenix. The style is Queen Anne, and it is expected that time will envelope the whole structure in a rich antique copper hue.

PEOPLE who love to watch the annual manoeuvres of our soldiers at the Agricultural Hall, will be interested in knowing that there is a Tent-Pegging Club near London, for practising all mounted sports, such as Tent-Pegging, Lemon-Cutting, Tilting at the Ring, Heads and Posts, etc. The ground, which is some two and a-half acres in extent, is near the Lordship Lane Station of the L.C.D.R., and here are erected hurdle, timber, double-gate, and water jumps, all built expressly for schooling horses. The subscription to the Club is two guineas, and members, of course, provide their own horses. If the organisers of our exhibitions want to make things a little more lively they might do worse than engage the services of the athletic gentlemen who compose the Magyar Tent-Pegging Club. We give the hint for what it is worth. The Hon. Secretary is Mr. Arthur W. Dean, Oaklands, Honor Oak, S.E.

IT is more than probable, says INVENTION—that it is possible there is no question—that in the not very remote future, a subway will be constructed beneath the bed of the Mersey for the accommodation of general vehicular traffic. The tunnel will be constructed of cast iron segments hermetically joined so that no water can possibly penetrate. During construction hydraulic cement is forced from the interior to the outer surface, thus rendering the tube impervious on both sides. The interior it is proposed to cover with white enamel, and to illuminate with the electric current. The inside diameter will be twenty-four and a half feet, with a width between the curbs of nineteen feet, and a centre line headway of nineteen feet, which dimensions are ample for all traffic. The cleanliness of the roadway will be provided for by channels, leading into the culvert below, from which the drainage will be forced by the hydraulic power which actuates the lifts, the same motor supplying ventilation. The roadway itself will be paved with wood. At each end of the tunnel there will be eight lifts, four for entrance and four for exit. Six of these lifts will be forty-five feet in length by twelve feet in width, while two will have a length of sixty feet with the same width, these two last being to provide for long loads, as rails, etc. The speed of the lifts can be regulated so that the traffic can be marshalled with far greater regularity than is usually obtainable. Thus the first vehicle will place itself on the first lift, the next following on the second, and so on, from which it will be seen there can never be any crowding or blocking. A perfectly safe speed for the lifts to travel up or down will be from eight to ten feet per second, the journey from street to tunnel consequently occupying twelve seconds.

The introduction of this feature has led to the receipt of so many letters from readers who have ideas which they consider worth patenting, that we have decided to make special arrangements of a nature that will enable them to obtain reliable advice on such matters.

If any reader of PEARSON'S WEEKLY wishes to communicate with an expert regarding an idea for a patent, let him write to the Editor of this paper, marking the envelope PATENT. The letter will be handed to a gentleman well known in connection with patents, who will put himself in communication with its sender.

THE "Eclipse" patent Automatic Disinfecter is a novel little piece of mechanism for placing in cisterns or jugs, and is said to disinfect some 250 gallons of water at the cost of a penny. A metal box is filled with permanganate of potash, through which the water penetrates by automatic means. Its advantages need no description. The manufacturers are Henry Darby & Sons, 249, Pentonville Road, N.

AN American inventor has patented a new boot and shoe polishing machine. It is so constructed that the operator can seat himself in front of it, place his feet on the rests on each side of a rotary roller, brush the inner sides at the same time, and, by alternating the feet from one rest to the other, enable the whole surface of the shoe to be effectively polished. Underneath the brush is a depressible foot-plate set on springs to afford an easy position for finishing the top of the shoe. A belt from a driving wheel engages with a V-grooved wheel on the shaft of the brush and drives it at a high speed. The shoes are cleaned of dust or dried mud very quickly, and the blacking is applied in the usual manner by a daubing brush, after which the polishing process is quickly completed.

AN electric-power hammer has been devised, which represents a radically new application of electro-magnetic principles. In general design the hammer is similar to the steam hammer, with its vertical cylinder mounted upon an arched frame, and the rising and falling piston by which the hammer head is carried. The novelty of the apparatus lies in the substitution of electro-magnetic power for steam by a slight and very simple modification of the mechanism. The piston is of magnetic material, and the cylinder is composed of a series of coils, through each of which an electric current may be passed separately. The apparatus is virtually an immense electro-magnet, the cylinder being the coil and the piston answering to the core. The passage of an electric current through the coils forming the upper part of the cylinder raises the piston into the magnetic field thus created. By cutting off the current and simultaneously transferring it to the lower coils of the cylinder the piston is released, and its descent is accelerated by the magnetic attraction created below. As a magnetic field can be created in any of the series of coils the blow may readily be shortened or lengthened as desired. The current is controlled by levers and connections identical with those used on an ordinary steam hammer. The absence of the steam pipe is the only feature distinguishing the machine from the common steam hammer.

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN.

THE Czar has three sets of police to watch over him—the Ordinary or Third Section Police, the Palace Police, under the Comptroller of the Household, and the Private Body Police, whose chief takes his orders from the Czar in person.

IN order to give herself more freedom of movement, Rosa Bonheur, the celebrated French artist, wears a natty cutaway coat and a pair of trousers while studying her subjects. She makes a very neat-looking young man, but her sex is betrayed by her dainty boots and her unmasculine walk.

PRINCESS CHRISTIAN is the most popular of the Queen's daughters. She is a good-looking woman, with pale face, dark grey eyes, and much dignity of bearing. This she never loses, even when engaged in the homeliest talk with some of the cottagers, to whom she is so practically sympathetic. She has a particularly sweet voice, with singularly clear and distinct enunciation, and her smile is delightful.

ALMA TADEMA's studio in London is reached by a flight of golden stairs, the steps being entirely covered with plates of polished brass. It is a great contrast to go from the room, so entirely Greek in its character, to the studio of Mrs. Alma Tadmara, which is a Dutch interior, with quaintly carved oaken walls and little diamond-shaped windows brought from Holland. The bath-room of this marvellous dwelling is finished wholly in porcelain and tiles. A mirror in the wall turns when a spring is touched, throwing one wall open to a sunlit garden, so that the bather may have a sun-bath.

MR. HENRY REEVE, the editor of the EDINBURGH REVIEW is probably on the whole the Englishman who speaks the best French. Sir Charles Dilke is very fluent and idiomatic, but his accent is that of a southern province rather than that of Paris. Mr. George Saintsbury, of the SATURDAY REVIEW, probably knows French literature better than those who know the language more gracefully. Lord Salisbury speaks fluently, but with a daring disregard of gender and accent. Lord Rosebery speaks more deliberately, but with greater precision. Lord George Hamilton, when Lord Beaconsfield offered him the Under Secretaryship of Foreign Affairs, on the formation of the Ministry in 1874, was forced to decline it on the ground that he could not speak French.

QUEEN uses scent on her hair and on her eyebrows that costs £8 an ounce. She cannot bear a piece of muslin that has been starched, and the touch of velvet, she says, makes her flesh creep. She hates the world, likes to offend it in her books, and shock it with her manners. Her study has been a great Persian rug before the hearthstone; here she likes to lie and scream a little to ventilate her feelings.

THE children of the Czar are obliged by their father, who is a great lover of art, to study painting assiduously. The fortunate artist instructor of these royal pupils manifested a little diffidence at the first lesson in the presence of the Princess Zenia, who is a most reserved and stately young woman. But the future ruler of all the Russias, the Czarewitch, reassured the master and rebuked the haughty maiden at once, by saying, smilingly, "Never mind, monsieur, she means nothing; she is only playing the Princess."

MAD King Otto of Bavaria gets from bad to worse. He has lost his reason entirely, but still possesses great physical strength. His attendants are obliged to continually watch over him. Otto thinks himself a lion, and bites at whoever approaches him. A few days ago he bit the leg of his aide-de-camp, who, in consequence, was invalided for some time, and very unwillingly resumed his service near his leonine majesty. The King has a great passion for cigarettes, which he only half smokes, and when he has finished with them he amuses himself by throwing them at the face of whoever is nearest to him.

HERE is a story of Jay Gould, the American multi-millionaire. One of his lawyers went to him not long ago to explain that some act of himself and his Missouri Pacific Board was illegal, and had got the company into trouble. "Mr. Gould," said he, "it seems to me you should have consulted your legal advisers before doing this. Any lawyer would have told you that it was illegal." Mr. Gould hung his head a minute, and then raised it and said: "Yes, I know you would have advised against it, and that's the reason I didn't consult you. But the thing is done and it can't be undone; and now it's for you lawyers to get me out of the scrape the best way you can. That's what we keep lawyers for."

MR. JOHN LAWSON JOHNSTON, the inventor of "fluid beef," is an energetic Scotchman of about fifty years of age. Mr. Johnston still holds a handsome gold medal that he received in recognition of his bravery in saving several lives from drowning. He resided a long time in Canada, where, as president of the St. Andrew's Society, he was deputed to meet the Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne on their arrival in the Dominion. He had a large share in conceiving and carrying out the enormous ice palace that was erected at Montreal during the Marquis's lieutenancy, and at the great ice carnival had a silver-plated urn ten feet high by twelve feet in circumference full of bovril. Mr. Johnston now resides on Sydenham Hill, the happy father of no fewer than eleven children.

COMPARED to his Imperial father, even at the present day, Prince Haru, the heir apparent to the Japanese throne, is much more emancipated, and none of the old traditions seem to have any weight in regulating his conduct. There was no precedent to follow in the education of a Japanese prince in the modern way, and Prince Haru has made many laws for himself. He is a wonderfully bright and precocious little fellow, and his small twinkling black eyes are full of mischief and see everything. He is hardly taller than an English boy of six years of age, but he has at times the dignity, the pride of birth, and consciousness of station and power, of a man of sixty. His eyes are not slanting, nor indeed does one often see in a Japanese face the wonderfully oblique eyes beloved of the caricaturist. Prince Haru has the exquisitely smooth fine yellow skin that is one of the points of greatest beauty in Japanese children, and a bright colour sometimes shows in the pale yellow of his little cheeks. He has the rank of a colonel in the Japanese army, and always his military uniform and his cap with the gold star, his clothes being dark blue in winter and white duck in summer. He is fond of riding, and, when mounted, the miniature colonel trots along gaily, giving and returning the military salute, as he passes an officer or sentry, like a young martinet.

ON page 770 of the last issue, and near the end of col. 3, the word "to" was repeated unnecessarily. The following are the names and addresses of winners of gold-plated pencil-cases for detecting this:—

Mr. Frederick S. Selfe, 9, Woodside Terrace, Wightman Road, Hornsey; Mr. W. Tickle, 6, Cloughton Street, St. Helen's; Mr. John L. Horsey, 52, Waterloo Street, Bolton; Mr. J. W. Denton, 30, Clarendon, Owen; Mr. A. W. Grilling, 25, Well Street, Bury St. Edmunds; Mr. Leeds; Mr. A. W. Grilling, 25, Well Street, Bury St. Edmunds; Mr. W. A. Hook, 6, Halstead Road, Selsey; Mr. A. M. Lamb, 14, Nelson Street, Peterborough; Mr. J. E. Durrant, 26, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.; Mr. C. W. Groves, Sandy Lane, Leighton Buzzard; Mr. Lawrence Hull, 2, Belmont Road, Hay, K.S.O.; Mr. L. Dodson, 39, Western Street, New Swindon; Mr. W. H. Malhuish, Victoria Road, Malvern Link; Mr. J. F. Coleman, 11, Campvale Buildings, Crossmyloof, Glasgow; Mr. J. Yeldham, St. John's School, East Dulwich; Mr. J. Murden, 19, Gloucester Street, Portsea, Portsmouth; Mr. T. W. Dyer, 15, Short Chawick; Mr. J. B. Cobbett, 13, Brownhill Villas, Catford; Mr. E. B. Deyes, 67, Salisbury Road, Waverley, near Liverpool; Mr. A. Collingham, 4, Tease Cottages, West Hill Road, Bournemouth; Mr. John Millar, jun., 4, St. Bride's Street, Brook's Bar, Manchester; Mr. W. J. King, High Street, Frome; Miss Barden, Great Hall Studio, Tunbridge Wells; Mr. John H. Denly, 93, Blatchington Road, West Brighton; Mr. A. C. Scully, 2, Herbert Cottages, Rokeby Road, New Cross, S.E.; Miss Burt, 8, William Street, St. John's, Tunbridge Wells.

FAMOUS FADDISTS. NO. IV.

LADY HARBERTON AND "THE COMING DRESS."

THERE are many people in the world who would seldom be heard of at all were it not that they rise to sudden and momentary fame upon the wings of a fad. Lady Harberton is one of these. Her hobby is "the coming dress," and it has given her a petticoat popularity. The mantle—no, the skirt—of "Bloomerism" has fallen upon her ladyship, and she has resolutely discarded the conventional garb of society, and made herself a willing martyr to the behests of what she deems her mission.

Lady Harberton, like Mrs. Bloomer of transatlantic fame, thinks the skirt should be divided, and corsets should be forsworn. She has the courage of her opinions, but, unfortunately, has found few disciples. Her appearance presents to the untutored mind what the vulgar element pointedly describes as an "hobjec."

Thinks Lady Harberton:—

"A sweet disorder in the dress,
Kindles in clothes a kind of wantonness."

The fair sex, however, have not taken very kindly to my lady's fad. They have no ambition to wear the breeks. Young ladies don't quite see where the gain comes in. They would rather be in the fashion with a trim, tight little waist and a flowing gown than out of it with a "bustless, waistless, hipless body," the object of ridicule instead of admiration.

Man, proud man, it would appear, is the arch enemy of dress reform. It may be because he affects either too much or too little interest in its development. Nevertheless, he is not allowed to venture any advice in the matter. What, indeed, can the male mind pretend to know of the intricacies and mysteries of modern millinery?

A dress reformer is never supposed to take her husband into her confidence. He is not allowed to accompany her to annual meetings, committees, and conferences, and only on special occasions, when she finds security in numbers, can he view her decked out in full war paint.

Neither can it be said that the reformers themselves are particularly proud of their dresses. They have not the courage to publicly adorn themselves in that dress which their convictions force them to accept as the right one. They do not tend to improve the figure, they are not "jolly" dresses, and why should not a woman who can wear whatever she pleases select the most fashionable and the most fetching garb?

Even on a grand gala day the ladies on show who had adopted the improved dress had to veil their imperfections by wraps and coverings. They arrived in cabs or omnibuses, and made a sudden bolt for the entrance, or sought surreptitious ingress by a back door.

And why? Because the bad bold people, who are ever on the watch to poke fun at eccentricities, might have said something intentionally rude.

A lady of great foresight remarked at a recent meeting of the Rational Dress Society, that before she could persuade herself to wear the divided skirt, etc., she wished to ask the question, "What would the small street boy say to it?" Here was the rub. A dead silence ensued, no one vouchsafed a reply, and every reformer went home that day sad and sorrowful.

After all, the street Arab is a stern dictator of fashion, with a truly conservative soul, and he cannot endure the sight of innovations and incongruities. Did he not eternally deride and assist to remove the latest adornment to woman's figure, that extraordinary adjunct which one of the sex has aptly described as giving to woman the appearance of being made in the shape of a back seat to a dogcart?

So that, although Lady Harberton may have impressed her followers with the multifarious advantages of a divided skirt, she has found few who will stand the test of exhibiting the same to the public gaze. But her ladyship possesses her soul in patience and hopes for better things in the good time that is always on the way. "The coming dress" savours distinctly of futurity. There are many men and things that are always "coming," and that is as far as they ever get.

Lady Harberton, however, has sufficient faith in her sex to believe that they must eventually break the cords of their corsets and exchange the gown for baggy breeches. But at present the belles of society don't see it.

They are beginning to learn wisdom, however, and some of them have conceded to the claims of shorter skirts. But, oh, artful womankind. Is it only that you wish to save your dress from London mud? Is it not that you hold it just high enough to show a pretty ankle and a blue stocking?

Nothing will ever come of Lady Harberton's fad. It exists principally for her own pleasure and advertisement, and it will die with her.

This series has included articles on—

No. 1. MR. J. HENNIKER-HEATON, M.P., AND POSTAL REFORM. No. 2. SIR EDWARD WATKIN, M.P., AND THE CHANNEL TUNNEL. No. 3. MR. WALTER GILBEY AND HORSE-BREEDING.

CURIOSITIES OF BARTER.

A GOOD definition of a civilised man, as distinct from a pure savage, is that he is an exchanging man. The pure savage does not exchange. If he is hungry and meets another man with food, he knocks him down, and takes the food from him, just as a dog attacks another dog and steals the bone that this other dog has secured.

When man first begins to exchange, he of course does so by barter. This is an awkward process, and frequently leads to some very unfair bargains. Here is an instance:—

When the Hudson's Bay Company's servants began dealing with the red men of North America, they frequently sold them guns, or rather bartered guns, for their furs. The furs were piled on the ground, and the white man stood his gun upon its butt end; when the pile of furs reached the mouth of the muzzle the white man took the furs, the Indian the gun. This was a splendid bargain for the pale face; for he used to have special guns made for his red brother with extremely long muzzles, and thus, by the sagacious outlay of a few extra pence on each gun did the Indian out of many valuable furs.

Another difficulty experienced by uncivilised man arises from his primitive notions of numbers. Sometimes he cannot count beyond two or three. Dr. Galton tells the following amusing transaction with a Dammara—the Damaras are a South African tribe, and have no number higher than three.

"When bartering is going on," he said, "each sheep must be paid for separately. Thus, suppose two sticks of tobacco to be the rate of exchange for one sheep, it would sorely puzzle a Dammara to take two sheep and give him four sticks. I have done so, and seen a man put two of the sticks apart and take a sight over them at one of the sheep he was about to sell. Having satisfied himself that one was honestly paid for, and finding to his surprise that exactly two sticks remained in hand to settle the account for the other sheep, he would be afflicted by doubts; the transaction seemed to come out too pat to be correct, and he would refer back to the first couple of sticks; and then his mind got hazy and confused, and wandered from one sheep to the other, and he broke off the transaction until two sticks were put into his hand and one sheep driven away, and then the other two sticks given him, and the second sheep driven away."

Barter is awkward not only with traders possessing such limited knowledge of mathematics as a Dammara. Suppose amongst ourselves a tailor with nothing but coats to dispose of wanted bread, he could not very well make an exchange, as a coat would be worth ever so much more bread than he would be likely to use before it spoilt.

To get out of dilemmas like these, man has, from a very early period, found it necessary to call in the assistance of a third article, or, as it is called, a circulating medium—a medium of exchange—money. All sorts of things have been adopted for this purpose—cattle, shells, salt, iron, tobacco, skins, corn, dried fish, eggs, cubes of tea, nails, gold and silver, etc.

The earliest records extant pertaining to a circulating medium belong to the Chinese, and go back more than two thousand years before the Christian Era. Before the Chinese had adopted this medium, and just as they were emerging from a system of barter, they would say of a horse or other article that it was worth so many pieces of cloth, or so many knives, just as we say of things that they are worth so many shillings or pounds. A piece of cloth and a knife had by this time acquired a distinct value. Accordingly, when they first made coins, they made them in the form of a shirt, the *pu* coin; or of a knife, the *tao* coin. By-and-bye, of course, these shapes gave way to more convenient shapes.

The Chinese are also credited with having been the first to use bank-notes. This was in the reign of the Emperor Ou-ti, who, being very hard up, gave his treasury to understand that this intolerable state of affairs must not continue. At that time it was customary for princes and courtiers on entering the royal presence to cover their faces with a piece of skin. Taking advantage of this custom, the treasurer caused a decree to be issued forbidding the use of any skins for this purpose except those of a certain white deer in the royal parks, the skin of which could, of course, be recognised.

Immediately there was a demand for pieces of these skins, which, being a monopoly, were sold at a high price, and the royal coffers were refilled. The high price enabled the skins to pass from one nobleman to another just like money. For all this, however, we decline to agree with some writers, who compare these pieces of skin with bank-notes. Bank-notes are simple promises to pay, and have no intrinsic value.

These skins had nothing in the nature of a promise about them, but did possess an intrinsic value due to the purpose for which they were used. More than a thousand years ago, however, in the reign of Hian-tsong, the Chinese had bank-notes which they called "flying money." The temptation to over-issue these notes was too great, however, and they were put out in such reckless profusion, that we find that shortly after their introduction it took 11,000 min., or something like £3,000, to buy a cake of rice.

SEVEN THOUSAND BACHELORS.

A COMMUNITY has been discovered, numbering at present seven thousand souls, which has flourished for many centuries, though no woman has ever been permitted or known to set foot in the country. Few of the inhabitants, indeed, have any definite idea of what a woman is. The whole class of ideas and sensations ordinarily associated with the words mother, sister, wife, and sweetheart, are to them unknown; and, what is equally singular, crime is also unknown, or nearly so, while on every side are to be seen evidences of temperance, piety, and good order.

The home of this eccentric but happy people is in the easternmost of the three peninsulas which project from the north coast of the Greek Archipelago. It was anciently called Aotepecian, near Monte Sancto, and is about forty miles in length, and from two to nine miles across. It terminates in Mount Athos, a conical mass of limestone rising abruptly to a height of 6,500 feet. Between this bold headland and the main coast is a beautiful plateau, clothed throughout with woodland, which is gay with flowers, rich with odours, merry with the songs of birds, and canopied with the brightest of all blue skies. The cultivated fields are all diversified with groves of oak and chestnut, while olive and fig trees are there indigenous. To this secret paradise the sons, but not the daughters, of Eve are admitted, and such has been the custom as far back as history reaches, the peninsula being religiously guarded at all points against the approach of woman.

The inmates are natives of every part of the Turkish Empire where the Greek language is spoken, and are consigned to the societies either in infancy or in early life by their fanatical parents. Their first years are spent in tilling the land, tending the vines, helping in the housework, or engaging in some handicraft.

For three years the candidate is a probationer; then, if he has proved able to keep the monastic vows, he receives his first tonsure and becomes a monk. The discipline is severe; ordinary church service takes seven hours a day, extraordinary fourteen, and sleep five. One hundred and fifty-nine days in the year they have one meal only a day, and at this eggs, cheese, fish, wine, and oil are forbidden.

The prohibition against women extends to the sex universally. From time immemorial no cow, mare, goose, duck, hen, or female of any kind has ever been permitted to make acquaintance with hill or valley, farm-yard or kitchen, in the Mount Athos territory. There are in the convents some good libraries, containing about five thousand volumes in all, and manuscripts seven hundred years old are by no means uncommon. Altogether these venerable males have a happy time of it.

THE MOST LIBERAL RAILWAY INSURANCE EVER OFFERED.

Any number of claims made in one week
recognised.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS

Will be paid to whomsoever the Proprietors of this Paper may decide to be the Next-of-Kin of any person who is killed in an accident occurring within the United Kingdom to a Railway Train in which he or she may be travelling. This payment will be made subject to the conditions and regulations mentioned below.

Either a complete copy of the current number of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, or this notice, must be upon the person of the deceased at the time of the accident. The blank time in the middle of this notice must contain the usual signature of the deceased, written either in ink or pencil. Death must occur within twenty-four hours of the accident, and application for payment of the Insurance Money must be made to the Proprietors of this Paper within seven days of its occurrence. This offer is not extended to Railway Servants on duty. Five hundred pounds of the above sum will be paid by the

OCEAN

ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED,
Manuel House Buildings, London, E.C.,
and a further sum of £500 will be paid by the Proprietors of PEARSON'S WEEKLY.
This paper is on sale at all Newsagents and Bookstalls on Monday of each week, and a copy confers the benefits of this insurance system until midnight on the Monday following the date of publication. This offer is not confined to one claim, but will hold good for any number of individual cases. Not more than £1,000 will be paid on account of any one death.

Signatures.....

I hereby certify that the
premium in respect of this insurance has been paid up to July 26th. 1891., and that therefore every purchaser of PEARSON'S WEEKLY is insured with this company against fatal railway accident to the extent and under the conditions mentioned above.

Richard T. P. Smith
Secretary of the
Ocean Accident & Guarantee
Corporation Limited

Available until midnight, July 6th, 1891.

DOUBLE LIVES.

In one of the earliest stories of Thackeray there is written a pathetic little tale, which is yet not without humour.

A young wife marries a man who is seemingly blessed with a quantity of this world's goods. Her husband acts throughout the story as a man of fashion. He is smartly dressed; he drives a capital phaeton; he entertains well, and his conversation is brilliant. The young wife understands that he is "something in the City"; for he leaves the house every morning, and returns again about six o'clock; but, curiously enough, the husband seems to dislike a reference to his ways and means of livelihood, and ever avoids speaking of them.

One day the young wife has occasion to go down Cheapside. It is wet and muddy; the thoroughfares are crowded; it is essentially a day when crossing-sweepers reap a harvest.

She comes to the crossing by the Mansion House. She notices a very tattered and ragged sweeper there, who is receiving many pence, and begging with the cleverness of an old hand. She goes to cross the roadway, and in doing so she passes close to the sweeper and looks into his face. Then tragedy steps in—the crossing-sweeper is her husband.

A somewhat similar complaint was made by a young American lady some months ago, when she sought a solution of her home difficulties. She had believed her husband to be an artist; but he would not disclose to her the situation of his studio. This she discovered for herself, and determined to pay her husband a visit there. So we see her arrive at the studio in St. Martin's Lane. She enters the room; but what are these—these huge bills with, "Try Blackaback's Tobacco," or "Ask for Extract of Elephant, and See You Get It," upon them? It cannot be, yet it is; her husband is a mere dauber of advertisement bills, and his Academy is the street hoarding.

In the "Annual Register" there is a fine dramatic picture of a raid upon a house of coiners. A man had built a strong room at the back of his house in the wilds of Scotland, and in this room he devoted himself, with the aid of a few confidential assistants, to the production of base sovereigns. His wife a charming young lady of some twenty-two years of age, believed him to be an honest gentleman of independent means, and she thought that the strangely concealed outhouse was a mere laboratory in which he passed his leisure dabbling in chemistry.

But in the dead of a December night, when the husband was at his nefarious occupation, the young wife could not sleep, and she determined to seek him in the laboratory. She gained the outer door and found it unlocked. So she pushed aside a heavy curtain and passed the threshold of the secret room. She took a step forward, when a pistol was placed at her head by one of the assistants, and in another moment she was blindfolded and hurried back to her room. Next day her husband removed her from the house, and conveyed her to London, where he kept her a prisoner in an old mansion in Bedford Square for nearly a year, at the end of which time she escaped to her friends, and the whole secret was disclosed.

"A LITTLE friend of mine," says Mr. James Payn, "was once asked by a playmate of his own sex, but much below his rank in life: 'How does your mother get her living?' to which, after some reflection, he replied, 'She goes out shopping'—so fixed from the earliest date in the male mind is the idea that this is the favourite pursuit of woman."

Cyclists must have their lamps alight at 9.15 p.m. on Monday June 29th, and a minute earlier on every succeeding evening during the week.

£100 INSURANCE FOR CYCLISTS.

In addition to our unique Railway Insurance offer of £1,000, we insure Cyclists, in the event of death from Cycling Accidents, to the extent of £100. The only condition required to secure this sum to whomsoever the Proprietors of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any Cyclist who meets with his or her death by an accident while actually riding, is that a copy of the current number of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, or this notice, should be on the person of the deceased at the time of the fatality. The usual signature in pen or pencil must occupy the line left blank at the foot of this notice. Notice of accident must be given within seven days to the Proprietors of the Paper, and death must occur within the same period from the accident.

Signature _____

Available until midnight, July 6th, 1901.

THE WAY TO TREAT A BURGLAR.

TOM WHOPPER was a young chemist who had just bought a little shop in Aston, and moved into it preparatory to setting up in business. After looking round the place the first day, he went to bed and slept soundly, till he was awakened by something falling on the floor. On opening his eyes he was surprised to see a man rummaging his clothes. He looked on with very great coolness and amusement until, to his horror, he recollected that there was a five-pound note in one of his pockets. To spring to the floor and take the thief by the scruff of the neck was but a momentary exertion to a young and active fellow like Tom Whopper.

"Well, my gallant burglar, what's the matter?" "Oh, please, don't shake me. Are you the celebrated Dr. McCarthy?"

"Yes, I flatter myself I am that practitioner. What can I do for you?"

"Well, doctor, a pain took me comin' round the corner, and seen' some bottles in the windy, I jest dropped in."

"And you did well, my poor fellow," said Whopper, dragging his victim towards the window recess. "I can cure pain with any physician in the town. 'Tis my speciality."

Now it so happened there was quite a number of bottles in the recess, of all sizes and shapes. Tom's predecessor had left all his medicines behind him, so that the midnight intruder was correct—at least so far as to seeing a number of bottles.

"Here, my suffering friend, take a swig of this ipecacuanha, 'twill warm you up."

The burglar took a mouthful of the medicine, and, suppressing a very wry face, pronounced himself better.

"That, my excellent man, is merely a preparatory dose. I'm none of your homœopaths; here, drink off this cod-liver oil."

The patient got livid, but had to drink it all the same.

"I'm completely cured now, doctor, thank you; I'll call round in the morning and pay you."

"I fancy I know better; don't be obstinate, my man. You must drink every drop of this hair restorer at a draught. It's a powerful anodyne."

The knight of the jenny took it down, and then fell upon his knees with:

"Mercy, doctor, mercy; I'm all right. I would like to go now."

"One moment. You'll have to wash those nasty things down with a nice drink. Here are seidlitz powders carefully prepared; come, swallow."

Powerless to resist, the victim bolted first the soda and then the acid, and, his throat being parched, he begged for a drink for mercy's sake.

"Certainly, it was my intention to give it to you—drink."

And he did drink, sure enough, and then with a yell which would have terrified an Iroquois chief into convulsions, he sprang clean through the window, emitting shriek after shriek till their echoes had died away in the distance, and Tom Whopper could hear them no longer.

WHEN a girl is sixteen her ideal man is named Reginald. When she is twenty-six, it doesn't matter very much to her what his name is so long as it will work well on the business end of a cheque.

"I KNOW," said Jenkinson, as he picked himself up, "I know it is said that the highest use of language is to conceal thought, and this may be true in one's calmer moments; but when one falls over a coal-scuttle the combination is broken."

GOSLING: "Hello, old man, how are you? I haven't seen much of you lately."

Maddox: "You have seen more of me than I have of you."

Gosling: "How do you make that out?"

Maddox: "Well, I'm much bigger than you."

"HAVE another piece of cake," said Johnny's mother to a friend who was taking tea with her.

"No, don't you do it," put in Johnny, "it will make you ill."

"Why, Johnny, are you not ashamed of yourself to talk in that way?" said his mother.

"Well, mother, that is what you always tell me when I want another piece, and I am sure I can eat four times as much as Mrs. Green can," answered Johnny.

"It doesn't seem possible."

"What's that, my dear?"

"Why, Mr. Atkinson, the statistician, says that all the people in the world could stand in a field ten miles square."

"Well, they couldn't."

"But, hubby, Mr. Atkinson says so."

"I don't care if he does. You don't suppose a woman could stand in a crowd like that, do you?"

"Why not?"

"Because nobody could see her clothes."

LADY JOCKEYS.

TO-DAY the sight of a lady riding at one of our public races would be met with general condemnation, but, indelicate as the practice may seem, it is not a hundred years since the custom was in vogue. Ladies of acknowledged position might frequently have been seen in the days of our grandfathers mounted on high-spirited horses on the race-course. Women riders were also favoured by betting men, being often backed against their male opponents at considerable odds.

The Ripon Races form a notable illustration of the practice. In the meeting at this place of 1725, the Ladies' Plate was one of the chief items of the programme. All the competitors were ladies. The race consisted of three heats and a final struggle.

At Birstwith Hall, near Thirsk, in Yorkshire, there is still preserved an old-fashioned silver teapot, which is said to have been won by a woman jockey; it bears the peculiarly-worded inscription: "Well ridden, Miriam Wrightson."

The ANNUAL REGISTER of 1758 contains the following account of a jockeyess, under date May 3rd:—"A young lady, who, at Newmarket, had laid a considerable wager that she could ride a thousand miles in a thousand hours finished her match in little more than two-thirds of the time. At her coming the country people strewed flowers in her way." This performance finds a parallel at the present day in the women pedestrians who have endeavoured to effect similar achievements on foot. That the public enjoyed the sight of a woman jockey is evident from the fact of their having scattered flowers in the pathway of the successful rider.

One of the most interesting accounts bearing on this subject is that of Mrs. Thornton, who has been styled "The Lady Jockey." If the records of one of the races in which this lady took part be true, the enthusiasm evinced on the occasion must have been of the highest degree. The race to which we refer was ridden on the race-course at Knavesmire, in the year 1804. Mrs. Thornton was the wife of Colonel Thomas Thornton, their seat being at Thornton, near Settle, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. He took a deep interest in everything pertaining to the turf, and was well known throughout the sporting world.

Mrs. Thornton was as great an equestrian, and took as much interest in horse-racing and field sports, as her husband. Her riding qualifications were known far and wide, and when it was stated that she was going to ride at a public race the news spread throughout the country like wildfire.

The race had been originated whilst Mrs. Thornton, along with her husband and brother-in-law, Captain Flint, were riding in Thornville Park. During the ride, the merits of the horses upon which Mrs. Thornton and Flint were mounted formed the chief topic of the conversation. Each horse was considered to be the better by its respective rider, and to prove which was really the quicker goer, they raced round the park. The lady equestrian was mounted on her favourite horse, named Vangarillo, and Mr. Flint was on the back of Thornville. Mrs. Thornton won with the greatest of ease, and entirely eclipsed the performance of Thornville. Captain Flint was somewhat annoyed at being thus outstripped, and challenged his lady friend to run a race at some future date. This challenge was there and then taken up, and a bet made of 500 guineas, and a stake of 1,000 guineas, the distance to be four miles, and no allowance to be made for Flint's heavier weight.

Notwithstanding the opinions of the public, which were freely expressed, the 25th day of August, 1804, saw Mrs. Thornton on the field mounted on Vangarillo ready for the event. She was dressed in a blue jacket and jockey cap, and wore a leopard-coloured skirt. The concourse of people which gathered to witness the race has in point of number been rarely excelled. People flocked in thousands from all parts of England. It has been said that "they were surging like the waves of the sea, struggling to obtain places where they could get even a glimpse of the race."

The course was cleared, and the signal for starting being given, the competitors, amidst intense excitement, urged their steeds onward. Vangarillo soon took the lead, and the betting quickly rose from 5 and 6 to 4 to 7 to 4 "on the petticoat." A little later and the betting advanced to 2 to 1, and it was evident to the observers that she was winning. During the spectacle the shouting and yelling grew to such a pitch as to be deafening in the extreme. As the race continued every neck was strained to its utmost, eager to know the result. The lady jockey was outstripping her opponent it was evident, and but for an unfortunate occurrence she would have been first at the winning post. On reaching the last mile, as fate would have it, her saddle-girth through some cause slackened, and she felt her saddle slipping round. Nothing daunted, however, she maintained her seat, but was compelled to check her horse's speed, the result being that Captain Flint rode past her, and legally, but not conscientiously, won the race. The spectators strongly denounced his conduct, and it was the general impression that the race should be considered drawn. The deep interest taken in the performance will be seen when it is stated that £200,000 changed hands on the result.

FACTS.

A THOUSAND tons of soot settle yearly on the 110 square miles of London's area.

THE Thames Police Court-Magistrate has learnt, on the authority of a vendor of street ices, that he sells for eight shillings that which originally costs him a single shilling.

ABOUT 60,000 persons commit suicide in Europe every year whose deaths are recognised as such, while at least twice as many commit suicide whose fate is never judicially recorded. The yearly list of European suicides includes 2,000 boys and girls. Alcoholism is the chief cause of self-murder in the north of Europe.

IN 1872 the Parliamentary train from Euston to Liverpool, a distance of 203 miles, started at 7.40 a.m., stopped at every station on the route, and reached its destination at 6.35 p.m., thus occupying nearly eleven hours on a journey which the more fortunate third-class passenger of to-day is enabled to perform in four and a half hours.

IS BEER A GOOD THING TO SING ON?—Obviously the Germans think so. According to some calculations by a correspondent at Vienna, the consumption of beer by the German singers at a festival in that city amounted to 24,000 gallons. There were 20,000 singers, and the consumption was spread over a day and a half. It would thus appear that each singer drank between six and seven pints a day. Yet the singing was, we are told, magnificent throughout.

POOR THINGS.—No unmarried lady in Holland can dream of going to church, concert, or any other place of public assembly without the escort of parents, or male members of her family. She cannot take a walk, pay a visit, or go shopping unaccompanied by her mother or other chaperon. Until the betrothal of the young lady has been announced, she remains the sole charge of her father or mother, and she makes acquaintances only in the presence of a third party. Unmarried daughters are chaperoned to all places of amusement.

WHAT LONDON WORKERS STUDY.—It is a little curious to find that the foremost subject of education with the frequenters of the "Old Vic," now the Polytechnic Victoria Hall, in Waterloo Road, should be the French language. Over 800 people joined the various classes, and the popularity of French was so great that it was difficult to find teachers enough. A lady had at one time ninety pupils in her charge. One of the best of the French scholars was a cabman, a man well on in years, who had an eye to the fares he might pick up at Waterloo Station by virtue of his linguistic acquirements.

A PHONOGRAPH WILL.—There are rumours that Mr. Justice Butt, or his colleague, Mr. Justice Jeune, will soon be called upon to pronounce as to the validity of a will spoken into a phonograph by a deceased London merchant. The story goes that this gentleman, suddenly seized with paralysis, and unable to write or even hold a pen, recalled the example lately set by a New York millionaire, and, a phonograph having been sent for, proceeded to speak into it his last will and testament. The instrument was then closed and sealed by the attendant solicitor, and a few days later the paralysed merchant died. The question is, can the Court recognise the phonograph will he had left behind him?

THE USE OF FLIES.—We frequently call flies a nuisance, set traps for them, poison them, and do our best to annihilate them as worthless and intolerable creatures; and yet the life of a fly is one of busy usefulness for the service and good of man. He is a scavenger of untiring activity, and with so keen and quick a vision that no particle of offensive matter can escape him. It is his business to pounce upon every such speck, and remove it at once. With every such particle he carries away a miasma that would poison the air we breathe. Some of these particles are too small to be visible, but as they are infinite in number, if left to accumulate, they would soon be a greater plague than an army of flies. At times the buzzing insects may seem a torment hard to be borne, but their services should not be forgotten.

IMPRISONED WIVES.—Some strange customs prevail among the Brahmins, sanctioned by the ecclesiastical law of India. The man is always the autocrat of the house, the father being the ruler during the youth of the family and the eldest son after he marries. The son always takes his wife home to the paternal roof, and as the sons marry, additions are built to the house until it becomes a village in itself. In this place the women are imprisoned—literally buried alive. From the day of their marriage, which is at about the age of ten, they never see more of the outer world than the narrow expanse of sky and cloud that looks down upon them between the walls of their prison home. No men are allowed to enter the house but the members of the family and the priest, except on rare occasions, and then unseen by the women. Married at ten years—for spinsterhood is abominable—mothers at twelve, they are faded and old in their twenty-first year. They die of sheer old age at about thirty.

MORE trains run on the London and North-Western Railway than in the whole of Scotland and Ireland put together.

THE bank cheques passing through the Clearing Houses in London and New York in one month exceed the value of all the gold and silver coin in the world.

THERE are about a thousand mounted police in North-West Canada. They are equipped with 894 horses and twenty-four ponies. It is reckoned that the frontier which they steadily patrol, from Emerson to the Rocky Mountains, covers a distance of 800 miles. Altogether they are responsible for the preservation of law and order throughout a district of upwards of 300,000 square miles.

FIRE AND PRECIOUS STONES.—All precious stones are injured by a high temperature; the diamond, being almost pure carbon, is completely consumed at a temperature somewhat greater than white heat. When the Southern Hotel was burned in St. Louis some years ago, a lady guest left her diamonds in her room. As the gems were large and valuable, careful search was made for them after the ruins had cooled, and they were found, but the intense heat had covered every stone with a white crust where partial combustion had taken place. Rubies, sapphires, and emeralds lose their colour on exposure to heat, while the semi-precious stones, such as the amethyst, topaz, and garnet, are completely ruined by a comparatively low heat.

A STRANGE DISCOVERY.—In the course of a great fire the safe of a mercantile firm became cracked by the intense heat, and their books were charred and baked to a crisp, though they remained intact. Not a figure could be distinguished. One of the bookkeepers, while turning over the leaves, noticed that where his finger, which was wet, touched the page, the figures appeared legible through the moisture. He procured a paint brush, dipped it in water, dampened the whole page, and was gratified to see all the figures dimly outlined. Two bookkeepers then went to work, and, by wetting the pages and carefully turning the leaves, they succeeded in a few days in transferring the accounts to a new set of books. The books are as black as ink, and the leaves crumble to pieces when touched.

A MALAY ARGUMENT AGAINST FORKS.—The Malay says, "Such a dirty practice. We say to ourselves, 'What do I know of the history of this fork? It has been in a hundred, perhaps a thousand, mouths; perhaps even in the mouth of my worst enemy.' This thought is very repulsive to us." "But," a European may reply, "the fork is thoroughly cleaned, or ought to be, every time it is used, first with soap-and-water, then with plate-powder." "Ought to be; quite so. But how do you know that your servant does not shirk his work? If you have a lazy servant you are liable to eat with a fork that has not been thoroughly cleaned; whereas I know that my fingers are clean, for I wash them myself before eating. They are quite as clean as the cleanest fork, and they have two great advantages over it—one that they have never been in anyone's mouth but my own, and another that they are washed by myself."

WEALTH IN CHILL.—There is a vast amount of wealth in Chili, and the ruling class are lavish in their expenditure. Before the revolutionary troubles money was plentiful, and few stopped to count the cost when anything was desired. Santiagosans boast that every article of luxury to be found in Paris may be bought in their city, and a tour of the shops convinces one of the truth of this assertion. No visitor to Santiago should make the mistake of imagining that this far-away land is a good place to wear out old clothes in, for there is no city where the latest fashion prevails to a greater extent. The aristocrats have not only luxurious habits, but refined taste. Many of the private residences are veritable palaces, and are furnished in magnificent style. Though Chili has no native marble, there are few cities in the world where so much of that beautiful material enters into the construction of the houses as in Santiago.

QUEER BREAD.—At some towns in Mount Lebanon the loaves are baked in circular form, about two feet across, and almost as thin as paper. It is related that once a foreigner, on eating his first meal in the mountains, took one of these loaves and spread it on his lap, thinking it was some new kind of napkin. Strange as this seemed to his Syrian host, we can hardly be surprised at the mistake, for to our Western eyes this thin flexible sheet looks far more like cloth than bread. But this kind of bread has one great advantage, for it does away with the necessity of using spoons. Those sitting at dinner tear off a piece from the loaf, fold it as a cup, and then dip a portion of food from the general dish in the centre of the table, devouring thus with each mouthful both spoon and contents. The housewives of Beyrout enjoy a touch of that convenient co-operation that is proposed by certain reformers of to-day; not that they take their meals in large public dining-rooms, but they do have public ovens, thus doing away with some of the household's "private gear." The dough is flattened out into discs of the proper size, and the boys or girls of the family put these on trays and carry them to the nearest oven, where they are soon baked on the smooth hot slabs.

THE smallest city in the world is the miniature city known as Seward City, Alaska, U.S., its three inhabitants being respectively Mayor, Chairman of the Board of Aldermen, and President of the Common Council.

WHAT PEARLS ARE.—Pearls are carbonate of lime, the same substance of which the shell of the oyster is composed, and are identical with the "mother of pearl," which forms the interior of the pearl oyster shell. A high temperature will reduce any pearl to common lime, and in the heat of an ordinary fire a pearl will completely lose its identity, and become a pinch of white powder.

DO MICE SING?—Dr. Brierre, a well-known Continental scientist, declares that he has often heard mice sing. He says the "music" generally begins about sunset. His attention was first called to the matter in 1851, when he heard low, tuneful notes, which he attributed to certain reptiles, proceeding from an old cupboard. He carefully soaped the joints of this piece of furniture, so that he might suddenly open it without causing any noise. This he was enabled to do one evening later, just after the sound had commenced, and succeeded in observing for about half a minute the movements of the throat of a mouse, which, he says, emitted a song like that of the wren, the snout being elongated and held up in the air as a dog does when he howls.

HOW THEY DANCE IN ITALY.—In Italy when the country men and women dance together, the first thing they do is to toss off their shoes, if they wear any. A man does not go up to a girl and ask if she will dance, but he fixes his eye upon her from a distance and nods. She nods in return, and then both kick off their shoes advance towards each other, and begin to dance. The dance, besides being an incessant up-and-down of steps, represents also quite a little love drama in gestures, and its success depends on the cleverness of the dancers in expressing this mimic scene. The man courts, pleads, beseeches, runs after his partner, tries to clasp her waist and kiss her all the time he is dancing, without even pausing. The girl, of course, denies, laughs, shakes her head, and escapes her partner, till at last, the dance finished, she rushes to her place and resumes her shoes.

SOME BIG BANQUETS.—The largest public banquet ever held in this country was that in the Waterloo Rooms, in 1832, on the occasion of the passing of the Reform Bill. It was attended by over 10,000 persons. Some time ago Mr. Balfour, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, was entertained at a banquet in the Waverley Market, Edinburgh. The numbers in attendance far exceeded those attending any public banquet ever held in Scotland. Mr. Gladstone has on several occasions been entertained at banquets when more than 1,000 guests assembled. At the banquet given at the opening of the Royal Albert Docks, in June, 1880, there were 500 waiters, 100 cooks, 4,000 dishes, 24,000 forks and spoons, 12,000 knives, 12,000 glasses, and 15,000 plates. The dessert consisted of 5 cwt. of grapes and 2,000 baskets of strawberries, in addition to other fruit, and the tables and table-cloths extended to a mile and a half.

A CURIOUS MARRIAGE CUSTOM.—The marriage customs in some parts of Brittany are very curious. In Cornouaille, for instance, the village tailor is the personage to whom a candidate for matrimony applies for a list of eligible girls. Having selected one, the tailor at once proceeds to the maiden's father, carrying a wand of broom—which gives him the title of Bazvalan, the name of the plant. Whilst the family chiefs are making their arrangements the lovers retire to the other end of the house and discourse. It is necessary that the engaged pair themselves should put an end to the term of the negotiation. They approach, holding each other by the hand, to the table where their respective parents or relatives are seated, when bread, wine, and brandy are brought in. The young man and maiden eat with the same knife and drink out of the same cup; and the day for their union is then agreed upon.

PEARSON'S PIPE PRIZES.

ITEMS for competitions 3 and 4, in each of which three £5 prizes are offered, must reach us before or by first post on Monday, July 6th. Pipes for competitions 5 and 6 are now upon the market. Here is what a well-known medical man has to say about *Pearson's Pipe*:—

DR. GILBERT D. SUTHERLAND, F.R.S., writes:—"I can speak very highly of the hygienic value of *Pearson's Pipe*, the absorbent qualities of its lining and threads materially minimise the difficulties and dangers necessarily arising from the introduction of nicotine into the mouth. With an occasional change of thread it has proved itself the safest and most satisfactory pipe I have used."

Be sure that with your pipe you get a coupon entitling you to enter one of the PIPE COMPETITIONS.

The guinea for the best sentence about the Pipe, every word of which begins with a P, has been awarded to:—

MR. F. J. BRADLEY, 62, Avenue Road, Swindon, Wilts, for THE ROMANTIC TALK OF A "PEARSON'S PIPE."

Pretty Polly Pemberton passing Posenner's premises, perused placard proclaiming Pearson's popular patent pumice-stone pipe. Pretty Polly privately pondered—present Percy. Polly purchased pipe, packed preciously, posted per parcels post, Percy proud, pertinaciously puffed, publicly praised *Pearson's Pipe*, proposed pretty Polly per post. Polly pleased, Percy purchased presents, paid parson's price, pair passed pleasant pilgrimage promenading Paris, Percy proudly puffing *Pearson's* peerless pipe.

FICTION.

THE SMALL BROTHER AGAIN.—William Lowe had been courting Miss Minnie Bontong nearly two years, and when Minnie's mother insinuated that it was about time that Willie screwed his courage up to the "popping" point, the daughter protested:

"Willie is so awfully bashful, you know. I think he loves me, but he's afraid to propose."

"Well," said the mother, "you should encourage him." This set Minnie thinking. It was not long before she hit upon a scheme. She procured a phonograph and took it to her room. Then she seated herself beside it and soliloquised thusly:—

"I can't understand why Willie does not propose. I wish he wasn't so very bashful. He must know that I love him dearly. Perhaps if he knew that papa and mamma would give their consent, he'd ask me to-night."

The phonograph recorded every word she uttered in exact intonation and articulation. When Mr. Lowe called, a few hours later, he found the instrument on the parlour table. He examined it critically, and asked Minnie if it was set. The ingenuous girl replied, as the colour in her cheeks became a deeper pink, that she had a little talk with it in the afternoon; but she wouldn't have him know what she had said for worlds! Then she suddenly cried, as if she had forgotten something:

"Oh, excuse me, I'll return in a minute," and went out of the room. When William found himself alone, he resolved to do what any young man would have done under similar circumstances. He determined to reproduce Minnie's afternoon talk. Of course Minnie was not aware that her mischievous brother Bob, aged fourteen years, had talked to the phonograph after she had set it to capture Mr. Lowe. When Bob by chance saw the machine in the parlour, he said he was "bound to see how the thing worked," and there being no one present to interfere, he soon mastered its secret. When he heard Minnie's words pronounced he chuckled to himself. Then he put his mouth close to the instrument and carried on an imaginary conversation between a couple of lovers, making a peculiar sound with his lips at brief intervals.

"There!" said the bad boy, as he stole silently out of the room, "that'll settle him."

And it did! In place of Minnie's sweet words the following gushing dialogue greeted William's astonished ears:

"Minnie, I can conceal my feelings no longer. I love you to distraction." Smack!

"I love you, too, dear Charlie." Smack! Smack!

"Then you care nothing for that Lowe fellow who has been coming here so long?" Smack! Smack!

Smack!

"No; I detest him. At one time I thought I liked him, but his visits now vex me." Smack! Smack!

Smack!

"You dear," Smack! "darling precious" Smack!

"Minnie; I don't deserve so" Smack! "much hap—" Smack!

"—pinness. My own," Smack! "ownest Minnie! I could hold you in" Smack! "these arms forever—"

William dropped the handle and cried in tones of anguish:

"This is agony! I can bear no more! Farewell, false one, and for ever!"

When Minnie returned to the parlour her sweet William was gone, and she never saw him again.

IN THE PIT.—"Madam," he said, "will you be good enough to do me a favour?"

She sat stiff and immovable. Perhaps she had not heard.

"My dear madam," he repeated in a louder tone, "may I ask you to do me a favour?"

Still there was no reply. The hero was at that moment on his knees before the proud Lady Claire, but the man didn't know it.

"Madam," he said again. "Madam!"

No response. Then he tapped her on the shoulder, gently, calmly. She never moved.

"Madam," he exclaimed in despair, "are you aware that your hat prevents me from seeing anything on the stage? It is a beautiful hat, I admit. It must have cost as much as two guineas. But it obstructs my view. Don't you know that?"

This was uttered in so plaintive a voice that the Sphinx would have melted at it. But the woman was dumb and unruffled.

"Those ostrich tips," he pursued, speaking in her very ear, "are magnificent. I can't blame you for desiring to exhibit them. But I would rather look at them later on. Just now I yearn for a glimpse at that scene on the stage. I can hear the passionate words of the ardent lover, but for the life of me I can't tell whether he is handsome or not. I catch the sound of the throbbing heart of Lady Claire, but I don't know whether or not her cheeks are rouged. For goodness sake, madam, have pity on me?"

Everybody in the neighbourhood heard this touching appeal and was interested in the result. But there was no result.

"Madam," he said again, in the tone of one who had taken an irrevocable resolution, "I now, for the last time, politely but firmly request you to remove your hat. I have paid two shillings for this seat, and I am guaranteed by the management of this theatre a view of the performance. There was nothing in the contract, expressed or implied, about the spectacle of a six-by-nine hat with ostrich feather trimmings. Once more—I shall not say it again—will you take off that blessed hat?"

She gave no sign that she had heard.

"Then, madam," he said, "very well. Like your hat, the consequences be on your own head."

He reached under the seat, brought forth a tall silk tile, and put it on.

Immediately some one behind him roared in a voice of thunder:

"Take off that hat!"

The cry was heard throughout the great auditorium. People jumped in their seats, turned to see whence the noise came, and then, as one man and one woman, the entire audience screamed:

"Take off that hat!"

The woman, she who was the remote cause of all this uproar, turned pale. To her guilty conscience it seemed that she was the victim of a conspiracy, the unhappy but the rightful victim. Her throat contracted, great beads of perspiration stood out upon her forehead, there was a trembling in her knees. She felt that a crisis was at hand. Still the audience were howling like wild beasts and the performance on the stage was quite suspended. Her heart sank. She yielded. She was crushed.

Did she take off the hat?

Not by a jugful.

She left the theatre.

HIS LIGHT PUT OUT.

He had worn a coloured blazer on the Nile;
He had sported spats in Persia, just for style;
With a necktie quite too utter,
In the streets of old Calcutta,
He had stirred up quite a flutter for awhile.

The maids of Java thronged before his door,
Attracted by the trousers which he wore;
And his vest, a bosom venter,
Shook Fornosa to its centre,
And they hailed him as a Mentor by the score.

On his own ground, as a "masher" in the street,
He outdid a Turkish Pasha, who stood treat.
He gave Shanghai girls the jumps,
And their cheeks stuck out like mumps,
At the patent leather pumps upon his feet.

But he called upon a London girl one night,
With a necktie ready-made, which wasn't right;
And she looked at him, this maid did,
And he faded, and he faded,
And he faded, and he faded out of sight.

THE best adhesive label you can put on your luggage is to stick to it yourself.

GIRLS are but weak creatures, but the most ethereal of them can throw a man over with the greatest of ease.

THE sermon of the best preacher in the world will not make so much impression upon a congregation as the sudden pattering of rain on the window-panes of a church containing 200 new spring bonnets.

A YOUNG man was speaking to a critical audience, and was violently hissed on account of some of his novel propositions, but, nothing daunted, he retorted: "When a cold stream of truth is poured on red-hot prejudices, no wonder they hiss."

"You are charged with bigamy," remarked the judge, impressively, while the prisoner glanced over his shoulder at three stern-visaged women. "Now," continued the Court, "I intend to give you the severest penalty the law allows under the circumstances."

Here the prisoner covered his face with his hands and wept.

"I shall sentence you to penal servitude for seven years. What are you grinning at?"

"I thought," smiled the prisoner, through his tears, "you was a-going to turn me loose."

PROBABLY there is nothing in life so serene and restful as the office boy when sent on an errand with the injunction to hurry with all speed. The charming affability which he evinces to all who accost him as he goes; the deliberate and elaborate directions he vouchsafes to such as inquire the way, so that they may not err therein; the studious interest he takes in the contents of the shop windows and whatsoever passes in the street; the self-abnegation and contempt of ease which causes him to go the longest way round—all these attributes, traits, and methods mark him as a creature of no common order.

AN AMAZING TANGLE.—"Wanted three competent men to fill vacancies on the editorial staff of the DAILY DOLEFUL." The sad circumstances which called forth the above advertisement are as follows:—

In yesterday's editorial column appeared a notice that a man named Shore had married his step-daughter by his (Shore's) deceased wife's former marriage.

The city editor very thoughtlessly asked:—

"What relation would the children by this marriage, and their children, sustain to the parents?"

The whole staff attempted to solve the problem, with terrible results.

"In the first place," said the city editor, "the children would be their father's and mother's second cousins; and their grandfather would be their grand-uncle by their father's side, while their grandmother would be their grand-aunt, and also stepmother, as well as their father's wife. Hence they'd be their own children. Gracious! twice nothing is nothing, and two to carry;" and then he tried to stab himself with a paper-knife.

The night editor said:

"As he married his wife's daughter, the mother is sister to her own children, and her husband must be their brother-in-law; and, if he's their brother-in-law, being also a cousin to his wife, her children are his second cousins, and must be cousin to her husband, so he's his own cousin, and being his own cousin, he must have also been his cousins and his uncles and his aunts, and so did his cousins and his uncles and his aunts, and so did his cousins and his—" and here it became necessary to fasten the night editor in his chair, where he sits wildly repeating, "and so did his uncles and his cousins and his aunts," a hopeless idiot.

Then the editor attacked it, and in two minutes he made the children their own mothers-in-law, and one of them he declared was her own grandmother, after which he was delivered up to the police for safe keeping.

The problem was taken up by the "compa," and in half an hour every man was sitting with staring eyes, figuring with his finger on the back of his hand, and vowing Shore had married his great grandmother without a license, while an errand boy jumped out of the window under the impression he was his own ancestor.

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know what to do when a dog shows signs of hydrophobia. We should climb a tree.

A FEW months ago an Irishman was arrested for drunkenness and violently assaulting his wife. He was brought before the magistrates, tried, and sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment. On the first evening of Pat's incarceration the warder was attracted by a loud kicking at the door of Pat's cell.

"What's the matter with you?" shouted the warder.

"I want to be going home," said Pat.

"Lie down and go to sleep," said the warder.

"Didn't the magistrate give you fourteen days?"

"Och, sure enough he did," cried Pat; "but he didn't say anything about the nights!"

"A MAN I know, named Hicks, has on his farm a beautiful stream. He attempted to stock it with trout, but soon discovered that the water was too warm. Not discouraged, he proceeded to cool the water. He started an ice factory, and every morning now during the summer he deposits ice in the several pools. Well, sir, it would tickle you to see those fish. When the ice-wagon arrives at the stream, the driver shouts 'Ice,' and the fish come flying out from the rocks. They get upon the ice, and carry on in a perfect flutter of glee. It beats anything I ever saw. Why, the fact is, the fish won't bite for anybody but Hicks."

"How do you account for that?"

"Gratitude."

"What?"

"Gratitude, I tell you. They know Hicks. They know how much he has done for them. Why, sir, he can pull them out as fast as he can throw in. You ought to see them look up in his face and smile. One day I was with him two of the biggest fish I ever saw began to fight for the hook. One of them got it, and the other, determined not to be outdone, came out on the bank and lay down. I never saw such gratitude."

LAST NOTICE OF CYCLISTS' PRIZE.

£35 WORTH OF CYCLES AND ACCESSORIES.

WE offer to cyclists and would-be cyclists prizes of "Swift" and "Club" cycles manufactured by the Coventry Machinists' Co., and of various accessories, as follows:—

1st Prize, an £18 machine; 2nd, a £12 machine; 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th, lamps ranging in value from £1 to 5s. 6d.; 10th, 11th, and 12th, bells worth 4s. 6d. each. Lamps of the well-known "King of the Road" and "Invincible" makes. Total value of prizes £35.

These prizes will be awarded to the senders of the quotations from standard writers, in prose or verse, most applicable to cycling, and most suitable for advertising the "Swift" and "Club" machines.

The shorter and more pithy the quotations are the better.

Competitions must reach us before or by first post on Monday, July 6th, the envelopes containing them marked CYCLE.

Competitors may send any number of quotations, provided that each one is written lengthways on a separate half-sheet of note-paper which bears nothing else but the name and address of the sender.

The prizes may be seen in the window of the Coventry Machinists' Co.'s Show-room, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

HOW FRUIT IS CANDIED.

LEGHORN is the principal place in Europe for the preparation of the candied citron and orange peel so largely used in all branches of confectionery. The citron is brought for this purpose from Corsica, from Sicily, from Calabria, and other southern provinces of Italy, from Tunis and Tripoli, and even from Morocco, while the candied peel of the fruit is exported to the United Kingdom, to North America, and to Hamburg for distribution throughout Germany.

The oranges imported into Leghorn, whether for consumption or for candying, are nearly all brought from the islands of Sicily, Sardinia, and Corsica. In all the countries contributing the raw fruit for this industry it is treated in the same manner for the overseas passage. The fruit is simply halved and placed in hogsheads, or large casks, filled with a fairly strong solution of brine, the fruit being halved merely to insure thorough preservation of the rind by an equal saturation of the interior as well as the exterior surface.

In these casks it arrives at the doors of the manufactory. The first process to which it is then subjected is the separation of the fruit from the rind. This is done by women, who, seated round a large vessel, take out the fruit, skilfully gouge out the inside with a few rapid motions of the forefinger and thumb, and, throwing this aside, place the rind unbroken in a vessel alongside them. The rind is next carried to large casks filled with fresh cold water, in which it is immersed for between two and three days to rid it of the salt it has absorbed.

When taken out of these casks the rinds are boiled, with the double object of making them tender and of completely driving out any trace of salt that may be left in them. For this purpose they are boiled in a large copper cauldron, for a time varying from one to two hours, according to the quality of the fruit and the number of days it had been immersed in brine. When removed from this cauldron the peel should be quite free from any flavour of salt, and at the same time be sufficiently soft to absorb the sugar readily from the syrup in which it is now ready to be immersed.

The next process to which the rind is subjected is that of a slow absorption of sugar, and this occupies no fewer than eight days. The absorption of sugar by fresh fruit in order to be thorough must be slow, and not only slow, but also gradual; that is to say, the fruit should be at first treated with a weak solution of sugar, which may then be gradually strengthened, for the power of absorption is one that grows by feeding.

The fruit has now passed into the saturating room, where on every side are to be seen long rows of immense earthenware vessels, about four feet high and two and a half feet in extreme diameter, in outline roughly resembling the famed Etruscan jar, but with a girth altogether out of proportion to their height, and with very short necks and large open mouths. All the vessels are filled to the brim with citron and orange peel in every stage of absorption, which is thus steeped in sugar syrup of about eight different degrees of strength.

This process occupies eight days, the syrup in each jar being changed every day, and with vessels of such great size and weight, holding at least half a ton of fruit and syrup, it is clearly easier to deal with the syrup than with the fruit. To take the fruit out of one solution and to place it into the next stronger, and so on throughout the series, would be a very tedious process, and one, moreover, injurious. In each of these jars, therefore, there is fixed a wooden well, into which a simple hand suction-pump is introduced, and the syrup is pumped from each jar daily into the adjoining one. A slight fermentation next takes place in most of the jars, but this, so far from being harmful, is regarded as necessary.

There is yet another stage, and that perhaps the most important, through which the peel has to pass before it can be pronounced sufficiently saturated with sugar. It is boiled in a still stronger syrup, and this is done in large copper vessels over a slow coke fire, care being taken to prevent the peel adhering to the side of the vessel by gently stirring with a long ladle. This second boiling occupies about an hour.

Taken off the fire, the vessels are carried to a large wooden trough, over which is a coarse open-wire netting. The contents are poured over this and the peel distributed over the surface of the netting, so that the syrup—now thickened to the consistency of treacle—may drain off the surface of the peel into the trough below. The peel has now taken up as much sugar as is necessary.

Next comes the final process, the true candying, or covering the surface of the peel with the layer of sugar crystals which is seen on all candied fruits. To effect this a quantity of crystallized sugar is dissolved in a little water, and in this the now dried peel, taken off the wire netting, is immersed. The same copper vessels are used, and the mixture is again boiled over a slow fire. Poured off from these vessels, it is again dried upon the surface of the wire-netting as before described. The candying is now complete, and the candied peel is ready for the packing-room.

LIFE HAS A NEW PERIL.

"Don't want books, soap, nor pictures," said the hard-faced woman to the strange young man at the front door.

"I am not a pedlar, madam," said the stranger. "My business is of an entirely different nature. Do you remember a weedy, ragged, and hungry tramp calling at your kitchen door about six weeks ago?"

She didn't remember.

"Let me refresh your memory. You were dressed in an old morning wrap, tied at the waist with a string; your front hair was in pins, and there was a dark smudge across your nose."

She tried to slam the door, but his foot happened to be in the way.

"You had a rolling-pin in one hand and a kettle of water in the other, with which you threatened to scald the poor wayfarer."

"Well, I didn't scald him, anyhow. You can't get any assault and battery case against me."

Nothing of the sort was intended, ma'am. I merely wished to let you know that I was that supposed tramp. The bundle I carried on that occasion contained a lightning camera. I have already been offered 10s. for the picture of you I obtained, but if you want it for 7s. 6d. it is yours."

He effected the sale.

HOW WE GO TO SLEEP.

ACCORDING to the best writers on the subject, it has been ascertained that in beginning to sleep the senses do not unitedly fall into a state of slumber, but drop off one after the other. The sight ceases, in consequence of the protection of the eyelids, to receive impression first, while all the other senses preserve their sensibility entire. The sense of taste is the next which loses its susceptibility to impressions, and then the sense of smell.

The hearing is next in order, and last of all comes the sense of touch. Furthermore, the senses are thought to sleep with different degrees of profoundness. The sense of touch sleeps the most lightly, and is the most easily awakened; the next easiest is the hearing, the next is the sight, and taste and smell awake the last.

Another remarkable circumstance deserves notice; certain muscles and parts of the body begin to sleep before others. Sleep commences at the extremities, beginning with the feet and legs and creeping towards the centre of nervous action. The necessity for keeping the feet warm and perfectly still, as a preliminary of sleep, is well known.

From these explanations it will not appear surprising that with one or more of the senses, and perhaps also one or more parts of the body imperfectly asleep, there should be at the same time an imperfect kind of mental action, which produces the phenomenon of dreaming.

LITTLE MABEL described graphically her sensation on striking a dimpled elbow against a chair:

"Oh, my!" she sighed, "mamma, I've struck my arm just where it makes stars in my fingers."

"Who goes a borrowin' goes a sorrowin'." More often it is "the other way up." Who goes a lending too often goes a sorrowin', while he who goes a borrowin' not infrequently goes on his way rejoicing at his dexterity.

"I WANT to pay this bill," he said at the hotel bar, "but I think you have made a slight error here in my favour. I've been reading over the extras, and I cannot find that you have charged anything for telling me you thought it might rain."

A LONDON journalist recently married a lady, by profession a doctor. They had scarcely reached home from church when a summons came for the bride to visit a patient. She hastened away, and was gone six hours. In the meantime the husband had to entertain the guests and look pleasant. What he thought is not known.

In the early days of the rush to the South African diamond fields, an elderly lady residing on a farm in the vicinity of Kimberley, fired with ambition by the rumours of all sorts of discoveries round her, invited a party of prospectors to "fossick" for diamonds on her property, as she was convinced it was diamondiferous. The invitation was accepted. The "fossickers" arrived; they prodded and prospected the whole live-long day without receiving or exciting any attention. Towards evening, however, the anxious lady hobbled over to the scene of their labours to inquire into the success of their operations.

"Five, old lady," enthusiastically broke out the spokesman of the party, "we have found five little gems."

"Five?" she returned with calm deliberation.

"Look again: there should be eight!" She knew. The old lady did not get the price she wanted for her land.

CEREMONIAL HAIR-CUTTING.

In some Eastern countries children's hair is not cut until they are ten or twelve years of age, the girls being then considered marriageable. Up to that time it is coiled on to the top of the head and adorned with fresh flowers. When the day for cutting comes, there is a grand ceremony and much feasting.

One who was present at a Royal hair-cutting tells us that the darling of the harem was robed in long flowing garments of silk and lace, confined at the waist by a golden girdle. Her long hair, coiled for the last time, was fastened with diamond pins, which gleamed and glittered among fresh white flowers, and green leaves, like pearly drops of morning dew. There in the presence of her father, the ladies, and an officiating priest, surrounded by her maidens, some two hundred in number, she knelt under a canopy of flowers and leaves, while prayers were chanted.

Then the beautiful tresses being unbound, the Royal father, dipping his fingers in rose water, and drawing them carelessly over her head, clipped off about an eighth of an inch of hair and threw it into a golden basin, depositing at the same time, on a great salver placed ready to receive them, presents of jewels and gold. The priest cut the next piece, her mother the next, and so on, each guest taking a turn, until the little lady was shorn. All gave costly gifts intended for her marriage dower, princes, ministers of state, and dignitaries of all sorts, who waited in the outer courts, sending in theirs by the attendants. The day ended in feasting and display of fireworks.

A FASHIONABLE item says: "None but young ladies and brides should wear hats." All the same, we shall continue to wear them. A sensible man would rather go bare-headed than wear one of this season's ridiculous-looking bonnets.

LAWYER: "Madam, I'm sorry to say that I don't see the ghost of a chance for you to break your uncle's will."

Woman: "Well, to be frank with you, I don't see a ghost of a chance to pay you for what you have already done if the will isn't broken."

Lawyer: "On second thoughts, madam, I think the will can be broken."

A HORSE attached to a dog-cart came running along the other day full tilt, and a pedestrian rushed out, seized the trailing reins, and after being flung down and dragged through the mud a hundred feet, he brought the animal to a standstill. Then he picked up the whip and cushions, and had just got everything ship-shape, when a fat man, walking very leisurely and smoking a cigar, came along and took possession.

"So it was your horse?" asked the mud-covered rescuer.

"Yes, my horse. Ran away from my house."

"And—and—"

"Oh, I didn't mind. I knew that somebody would stop him sooner or later. There's some of that sort always about, you know!"

And as he drove off without another word, the philanthropist took off his overcoat, gazed at the ruin wrought, and said to the crowd which had collected:

"He's quite right, gentlemen. I'm from Fools town by the most direct route!"

PEARSON'S CIGARS.

PRIZES.

SMOKERS tell us that there is only one thing to be said against our pipe, which is, that all of them do not smoke pipes, however manifold the advantages which these offer. So they point out that in addressing the preliminary notices of our pipe "TO SMOKERS ALL" we made a mistake.

Now, when we have undertaken anything we dislike to do it imperfectly. So we made up our minds that this drawback must be rectified, and that by the issue of a *Pearson's Cigar*.

We have arranged, therefore, with a prominent firm of cigar makers and importers to put upon the market cigars of exceptional value, bearing the name of this paper. They will be on sale at all tobacconists, and will be priced 2d., 3d., and 4d., so as to suit all pockets.

Pearson's Cigars will not be of the ordinary description. They will pass through a special process of drying and pressure which will have the effect of extracting the moisture, and conferring upon them a distinctive flavour which will, we believe, be much appreciated by cigar smokers.

Round each cigar will be a band of the same colour as the cover of this paper and bearing a facsimile of the heading. Purchasers should keep the bands of all cigars which they smoke, as holders of these bands will have the exclusive right to enter for valuable competitions, which will be duly announced in succeeding numbers. *Without these bands no PEARSON'S CIGAR is genuine.*

It may be asked, "Why should I smoke *Pearson's Cigars* in preference to others?" The reply to this query is, "Because the publicity given to these particular cigars by their connection with a widely-circulated journal is a magnificent advertisement for them. In the usual way the maker of a cigar has to expend very large sums in advertising it, if he wishes it to become popular. In the case of *Pearson's Cigars* the money generally spent in this fashion is saved, and, instead of going in advertisements of one kind and another, goes into the cigar itself."

You should request your tobacconist to lay in a stock of these cigars without delay. The wholesale agents are Messrs. FRANKEL BROS., 81, 82, 83, 84, ROYALDORF, LONDON, E.C.

HOLIDAY HAUNTS—IX.

THE following seems to us the best article to hand this week.

The sender,

MR. N. HARTLEY ASPDEN,

14, WALNUT STREET,

HIGHTOWN, MANCHESTER,

has therefore been forwarded a cheque for Two Guineas.

TO NIAGARA AND BACK IN 21 DAYS FOR £21.

I HAD twenty-one days to spare, and could not decide how to spend them. I wanted to see something out of the common. My thoughts sped across the Atlantic, and in imagination I stood on the brink of Niagara Falls. It had been the dream of my life to see that wonderful cataract. A glance at the sailing lists convinced me that it was possible to get to Niagara and back in twenty-one days. And to Niagara I determined to go.

I look back upon the holiday as the pleasantest in my life. I left Liverpool on a Saturday in July, and reached New York after a splendid journey of seven days. The sun shone in a sky of blue upon a barely rippling ocean. Provided with a swing chair, it was delicious to sit on the clean, white deck, drinking in the healthful breezes while the ship was speeding through the water at the rate of eighteen miles an hour. In that glorious atmosphere, pale cheeks became rosy, and dull eyes brightened with healthful radiance. I felt that I had at last discovered the secret of pleasant and agreeable locomotion. It was indeed, the perfection of invigorating inactivity.

We sighted New York just as the sun was setting over the city. The sloping lawns of Staten Island and Long Island were bathed in the ruddy glow of the departing luminary, and Bartholdi's magnificent statue of Liberty stood with imposing outline against the golden sky.

We slept on board that night, and early next morning I passed the Custom officers, and proceeded to the Houston Street depot of the elevated railroad, which is close to the docks. For twopence-halfpenny I was transported to the nearest station to the depot of the New York Central and Hudson River railroad. There I got rid of my luggage by depositing it in the baggage room, and seeing that it was labelled for Niagara Falls. Before I could do that, however, it was necessary to purchase a ticket for the Falls. This involved an outlay of 9½ dollars, or about 38s. each way. As the distance from New York to the great cataract is 448 miles the price was not excessive. Having left my portmanteau in the baggage room I went to view the city.

The elevated railroad enables a traveller who has not much time to spare to make an inspection of New York with rapidity and comfort. The trains run in a circle, and a uniform charge is made of twopence-halfpenny for any part of the journey. The trains are certainly to be preferred to the trams, the lines of which are laid on pavements of undulating ugliness.

In the course of the day I viewed the city from the Brooklyn Bridge, inspected the miles of shops in Broadway, roamed through Central Park, admired the marble cathedral in Fifth Avenue and the palatial residences of the Vanderbilts, Jay Gould, and other millionaires, rested awhile under the trees of Union and Madison Squares, and finished with a glance at the Tombs and a run through the redolent Bowery. Having thus gained a good idea of New York, I went to the Central Depot, entered the six o'clock Chicago express, and commenced the journey to Niagara Falls.

For nearly a hundred miles the train steamed along the banks of the Hudson—the Rhine of America. The sun was setting behind the Catskills, and hills and river were tipped with its golden beams. Then darkness enveloped the scene, and, as it did so, I fell asleep.

At seven o'clock next morning I changed cars at Buffalo, and half an hour afterwards reached Niagara Falls. There I made a hasty breakfast, descended the grassy slope of Prospect Park, and saw, with emotion and admiration, the grandest sight in the world—the glorious sweep of emerald water as "Erie the Broad steps proudly down to Ontario the Beautiful."

As I gazed at the clouds of mist that ascended from the rocks below, the sun came out and spanned the cataract with the most delicately beautiful rainbow I ever beheld. It was a sight of superb beauty. After a drive through Goat Island, I went to the Whirlpool Rapids, where some wonderful effects are produced by the water being forced through a contraction of the gorge.

All this time I had been on American soil. A slight contribution to Uncle Sam's exchequer enabled me to

cross the Suspension Bridge above the Rapids, and for the first time I stepped on the Queen's dominions in the New World. Just across the bridge is the entrance to Queen Victoria Park. The park borders the river for some distance above and below the great cataract, and my national vanity increased when I observed that from the dominions over which the British flag flies are the finest views of the Falls—and, mind you, for nothing! On the American side are all kinds of impositions and allurements; on the Canadian side every natural sight is as free as the air.

At Table Rock House, which stands right against the Horse-shoe Fall, I exchanged a fifty-cent piece, value two shillings and a penny, for a rubber suit, and went under the cataract. The spray ascended in a white, blinding cloud from the rocks below, while overhead tumbled a vast volume of water, which broke into myriads of glistening drops, until it resembled an avalanche of snow. It was a terrible yet fascinating sight.

From Niagara Falls it is possible to visit many other delightful places in Canada and America. At five o'clock I left the Suspension Bridge station for Toronto. The train proceeded along the Niagara gorge to Lewiston, where a steamer was in waiting to convey passengers down the Rapids. For five miles the steamer tossed and tumbled in the Rapids, and then emerged on the broad breast of Lake Ontario. A delightful run of three hours' duration took the vessel to Toronto, one of the most charming cities of the Dominion.

Returning to New York, via Rome and Watertown, I reached Albany in time to catch the day boat for New York. Albany is a delightful city on the Hudson, and every morning at eight o'clock a sumptuously-appointed river steamer leaves it for New York. I have already said that the Hudson is the Rhine of America. That name briefly describes its scenic features. For eight hours I sat on deck gazing with spell-bound interest at the glorious beauty of the river as it wound in and out of the hills for 143 miles. It was a journey of entrancing delight.

The steamer drew up at the New York pier between four or five o'clock in the evening. I roamed about the city until dusk, and next morning took the homeward bound steamer for England. I reached home on the twenty-first day after my departure, thoroughly invigorated and refreshed with the voyage, and feeling that I had passed one of the happiest epochs of my life.

About the cost. The chief expense is the trip across the Atlantic. An intermediate or second-class ticket for the double journey will cost £14. Intermediate passengers enjoy a saloon to themselves, are splendidly berthed, and on some liners are allowed on a portion of the deck occupied by the first-class passengers. They have nothing whatever to find on starting the journey, and the food supplied to them is good and varied enough to satisfy every person whose appetite is not pampered and spoiled. The cost of living on land is a variable item, but that expense is only necessary for five full days; and when steamship and train fares to Niagara have been paid there will be a balance of £3 (or fourteen dollars) to meet the expense of living in America. With care and economy, that should suffice. There are plenty of "dollar-a-day" hotels, and if the visitor is careful to use them his expenses will not be much greater than they would be at a British resort.

HOLIDAY HAUNTS have been published as follows:—

- No. 1. A NORMAN FISHER VILLAGE (HONFLEUR).
- No. 2. THE GEM OF THE IRISH SEA (ISLE OF MAN).
- No. 3. A TRAMP THROUGH WESTPHALIA AND THURINGIA.
- No. 4. A CORNISH FISHER VILLAGE (LOOE).
- No. 5. TWO BRITONS IN BRITANNY.
- No. 6. A VILLAGE ON THE DEVON COAST (LYNMOUTH).
- No. 7. JERSEY.
- No. 8. A MINIATURE SWITZERLAND AT HOME (NIDDERDALE, YORKS).

NOTICE.

WE wish our readers to contribute the articles under the heading HOLIDAY HAUNTS. They must be not less than 1,000 words (or a column of the paper) in length, and we shall pay TWO GUINEAS for the best to hand every week, publishing it with the author's name and address. Competitions should be marked "Holiday" on the envelopes.

The articles must of course be original, and the actual experiences of readers during holiday trips. There is no reason why anybody should not try for the prize, for we shall not study literary style so much as good matter.

We shall each week award the prize to the competition which seems to us of most general interest and utility. It would be well for competitors to give what information they can regarding the cost of the trips of which they write.

We do not undertake any responsibility with regard to the safe return of unsuitable MSS., though every care will be taken to send back those with which stamped envelopes are enclosed. The rest will be destroyed.

MISS OR MRS?

ALL women out of their teens are entitled to be styled "Mistress." "Miss" is merely a diminutive, and is properly confined to young girls, just as "Master" is commonly confined to schoolboys. In the days of Pope "Mrs." was the common appellation of unmarried ladies. Sir Walter Scott, too, speaks of Joanna (unmarried) as "Mrs. Joanna Baillie." There are nowadays plenty of spinsters—and young spinsters, too—who insist on being addressed as "Mrs.," and at one or two places in Sussex, curiously enough, the married lady is "Miss," and the unmarried lady receives the title of "Mrs."

The same custom is found in many parts of Ireland. The form "Mrs." was at one time applied indifferently to persons of all ages. Among servants generally the cook, whether married or single, expects to be called "Mrs." So do housekeepers, though unmarried. In point of fact, Mrs. or Mistress is a title of respect that the plain "Miss" is devoid of. Why actresses, who are married women, should seek to disguise that fact by allowing the misleading prefix of "Miss" to be attached to their names is a mystery that admits of no intelligible explanation. Are they ashamed of their husbands?

There are many well-known exceptions to this habit of disguise and masquerade, but fifty per cent. of the theatrical "Misses" are entitled by law and custom to the term generally recognised as distinguishing the married woman. Only about five per cent. of the entire profession admit that they are married, and are not ashamed to publicly own it on the theatrical programme.

IN A SLEEPING SALOON.

It was in the sleeping saloon of the Midland Night Mail to Glasgow; outside it was as dark as the inside of an ink-bottle. In the sleeping saloon people slept, or tried to. Some of them slept like Christian men and women—peacefully, sweetly, and quietly. Others slept—malignantly, hideously, fiendishly, as though it was their mission to keep everybody else awake. The man in "Lower Number Three" was the worst.

We never heard anything snore like him. It was the most systematic snoring that was ever done even in one of those tournaments of snoring, a sleeping saloon. He didn't begin as soon as the lamps were turned down and everybody was in bed. Oh, no! There was more cold-blooded diabolism in his system than that. He waited until everybody had had a taste of sleep, just to see how nice and pleasant it was, and then he broke in on their slumbers like a winged breathing demon, and they never knew what peace was again that night.

He started with a terrific "Gu-r-r-r!" that opened every eye in the saloon. We all hoped it was an accident, however, and, trusting that he wouldn't do it again, we all forgave him. Then he blasted our hopes, and curdled the sweet serenity of our forgiveness by a long-drawn "Gu-a-h-h-h!" that sounded too much like business to be accidental. Then every head in that sleepless sleeper was held off the pillow for a minute, waiting in breathless suspense to hear the worst. And the sleeper in "Lower Three" went on in long-drawn, regular rhapsodies, that indicated good staying qualities. "Gru-a-a-h! Gru-a-a-a-a-h! Crah-way-wah! Crah-wa-a-a-h!"

Evidently it was going to last all night; and the weary heads dropped back on the sleepless pillows. It mumbled along in low, muttered tones, like the distant echoes of a profane thunderstorm. Pretty soon "Lower Three" gave us a little variation. He shot off a spiteful "Gurroch!" which sounded as though his nose had got angry with him, and was going to strike. Then there was a pause, and we began to hope he had awakened from sleep or choked himself to death, nobody cared very particularly which.

But he disappointed everybody with a guttural "Gurroch!" Then he paused again for breath, and when he had accumulated enough for his purpose, he resumed business with a stentorian "Korupff!" that nearly shot the roof off the car. Then he went on playing such fantastic tricks with his nose, and breathing things that would make the immortal gods weep, if they did but hear him. It seemed a preposterous impossibility that any human being could make the hideous noises with his breathing machine that the fellow in "Lower Three" was making with his.

He then ran through all the ranges of the nasal gamut; he went up and down a very chromatic scale of snores; he ran through intricate and fearful variations, until it seemed that his nose must be out of joint in a thousand places. All the night through he told his story: "Gamoah! Gurrah! Gu-r-r-r! Kompff! Gamam-mah! Gamah-hah! Gmook! Gmart! Gmah-h-whmoog!"

Just as the other passengers were consulting together how they might stay him, morning dawned, and "Lower Number Three" awoke. Everybody watched the curtain to see what manner of man it was that had made the sleeping car a pandemonium. Presently the toilet was completed, the curtains parted, and "Lower Number Three" stood revealed. Great goodness! Who would have thought so! It was a fair young girl, with golden hair and timid, pleading eyes, like a hunted fawn!

A WASHERWOMAN'S STORY.

WELL, ma'am, it's a queer story, and I never felt free to tell it to anybody before; but since you are so anxious to know about it, I'll tell you how it all came about. Them fine embroideries and the yards of crimping's off my mind now, and if you'll take a chair I'll talk and rest a bit.

You'll hardly believe me, seeing what a heap Miss Sanderson thinks of me now, that it's only a little over a year since I first knew her, but so it is. It all came about through Jim. Jim's my only son, ma'am, and for two years he's been a tow-boy on the tramway.

You don't know what a tow-boy is! Well, ma'am, it's the boy that has charge of an extra horse to pull the trams up-hill. From five in the morning till three in the afternoon Jim's going up-hill with one or down hill to wait for another. He's a good, steady boy, and his wages are a great help, seeing I am not strong enough for heavy washing, and fine ain't always to be had.

Well, ma'am, about fifteen months back Jim, not being well used to the horses as he is now, fell off and broke his arm. He came home, and the pain threw him into a fever, and he was very bad for quite a long spell. It was when he was lying very ill that one day I heard a knock, and opened the door for the prettiest young lady ever my two eyes saw. She was about eighteen; as white as one of my fine linen collars newly ironed, with the prettiest touch of pink in her cheeks. Her eyes were as blue as the china cups you see on the shelf yonder, and her hair as fine and yellow as silk. She was dressed plainly, but everything she wore was of the finest quality, and fitted as if it had grown upon her slender little figure.

"Are you Mrs. McArdle?" she asked me.

"Yes, miss," I said, hoping it was fine washing she wanted done.

"I heard to-day," she said, "that my best scholar in Sunday school had met with an accident. You are James McArdle's mother, are you not?"

"Yes, miss," I said. "Will you walk in? And thank you kindly for calling."

She came in, and I told her all about poor Jim, and she gave me a basket she had for him, with some fruit and flowers all arranged in it like a picture.

After that she came often and often, bringing Jim books and little tempting things to eat, and sitting to talk with him, and always quite friendly, though she was a lady, every inch of her.

Then, when Jim was getting better, and the care of him a little off my hands, she asked me to do up her fine things, and her papa's shirts, as if it was a favour I was doing her, telling me how particular she was and the trouble it was to her to get suited in fine washing.

Wall, ma'am, not to make too long a story, after Jim got well I went to the house twice a week to get the washing and take it back, and I always saw Miss Emma. It was a grand house, with parlours like a hotel, and wide staircases, and the great bedrooms splendidly furnished. And Miss Emma had no mother, but was the mistress of it all.

I was all taken aback the first time I saw her pa, for he was as rough as she was gentle, and looked more like a labouring man than a gentleman, for all his fine clothes. But after a bit, I noticed that Miss Emma was losing her pretty smile and merry words, and was pale and often red-eyed, as if she had been crying. Jim, who was seeing her, you mind, every Sunday, he told me he noticed it too. We, though we knew our place too well to say a word, were very sorry, for there was trouble somewhere, we were quite sure.

One night, Jim, while he was eating his supper, heaves a great sigh, and says to me:

"I think I know what ails our Miss Emma, mother," says he.

"What makes you think so?" says I.

Jim's a master hand, ma'am to read, and he gets the papers often that's left in the trams, and reads the stories, or maybe he wouldn't a noticed what he did.

"Why, mother," says he, "there was a gentleman used to come with Miss Emma to church, I've seen him often and often, but he never comes to the Sunday-school, only to church. He wore diamond studs, and shiney boots, and a silk hat—a regular swell; and she used to look as pleased as a baby with a toy when he was with her. Well, he hasn't been to church for more'n a month, and I'm thinking he has lost his money, and her pa's sent him off."

I pooh-poohed that and told Jim he was silly, and he didn't know what he was talking about. But he says:

"You didn't hear me out, mother. To-day there was a new conductor on '32, and it was Miss Emma's young man—Mr. Thatcher!"

Well, I did stare, and was sure Jim was mistaken, but he said he'd know Mr. Thatcher anywhere, and he was sure that was him. We talked about it a long time, but, you see, there was nothing we could do, and I thought Jim was right, after all, and may be Miss Emma's pa had sent the poor fellow off, when he lost his money.

It was, may be, two weeks after that, or three, that one day Mr. Sanderson came to the house all in a flutter. His Emma was sick with typhoid fever, and they wanted a nurse, and she wanted that nurse to be

me. Dear, dear, but I was flustered; but I sent Jim to his Aunt Jane's and shut up the rooms, and went off to the grand house.

Poor Miss Emma! We nearly lost her, though her pa had the best doctors, and I nursed her faithful. She took the fever visiting one of her Sunday-school scholars, and she was not strong any time, so she took it very hard. One day, when she was very bad, I heard her ask her father:

"Papa, where is Harry?"

"I don't know," he said.

Then he began to tell her something in a very low voice, and I went downstairs to make lemonade, not to hear what wasn't meant for me. The poor young lady was very sad all that day, and I mistrusted she cried when no one was watching her.

It was none of my business to interfere, but I fretted a great deal about what Jim had told me, and wondered if Mr. Thatcher was Harry. I couldn't ask Jim, because I would not let him come near me for fear of the fever. Miss Emma was weak, too, I didn't dare for her life say anything to excite her, and so I held my tongue till the fever took a turn, and she began to get better.

It was up-hill work then with us, for she was weak as a baby, and didn't seem to care to get well. She had to be coaxed to eat or to try her strength, and she was willing to lie quiet all day, which ain't natural in young folks after long sickness. Most times they are in too great a hurry, and throw themselves back again.

The doctor said she wanted rousing. So one day, after she had her bit of toast and a little bird nicely browned, with the best cup of chocolate I could make, I coaxed her to sit up a bit in a great armchair. When I had her all comfortable, I said:

"Miss Emma, I've been wanting to tell you something for a long time, but I was afraid you'd think I was stepping out of my place."

"I should never think anything unkind of my dear good nurse," says she, and slipped her little, thin hand so loving it made the tears come in my eyes.

"Well, miss," I said, "if you won't think it is impertinence, I'll tell you. Jim told me that he saw Mr. Thatcher in the tram a bit before you was taken ill, and—well, Miss, don't feel too bad about it—he was a conductor."

I was afraid she'd faint, ma'am, or cry. I was never so taken aback in my life as I was at the way she acted. She sat right up in her chair and clapped her two little hands together, and just laughed like a child. All the merry light that was gone so long from her eyes came back.

"Oh, you dear, darling nurse," she said to me, "I could just kiss you, and I will."

And she did!

"How did he look?" she asked me.

"Jim said he looked very grave, and as if he had some care on his mind," I told her, "and he had none of his fine clothes on, but a gray suit and a peak cap."

She laughed again at this.

"And did he take the fares, just like any other conductor, and ring the bell?"

The idea of that tickled her so much that she had to laugh again. I suppose I looked as astonished as I was, for pretty soon she said:

"Now, for your good news, you shall know all about it. I suppose you guessed," and she got rosy-red, "that Harry and I were lovers!"

"Jim suspected it!" I said.

"Jim has sharp eyes. Now you must know first, dear nurse, that my father, though he is a very rich man now, was as poor a boy as Jim is, and he made all his money by hard work. So he has a great contempt for young men who do nothing. He thinks every man in this country, rich or poor, should have some honest work to do, and do it. Money is often lost, you know, and if a man is too fine to work, he may starve."

"Indeed, that's so!" I said.

"Harry—Mr. Thatcher—nurse, had a large fortune left him by his father, when he was a boy, and he never did a day's work of any kind in all his life. I did not know why he stopped coming to see me, and—well, I will tell you—I felt ashamed and sorry, for I thought he did not care for me as I had thought, while I did love him. Of course, nurse, nobody knew that, and nobody ever should know it, only that you have told me such good news to-day. When I was so very ill I asked father where Harry was, for I knew he saw him the very last time he was here. Then he told me Harry came that day to ask if he might marry me if I loved him. He told papa that he was rich, and we know he is an honourable, good man. Then papa told him that he would never give me to an idle man."

"When you can show me three months' honestly earned wages, from your own work, I will let you see my child."

"That was what papa said to him. He thought he was angry, for he turned on his heel and went out of the house without any answer. But he is earning his wages to show papa."

She was as happy as a bird after that; getting well so fast that the doctor wondered, and so did her father, for we kept our secret, and Mr. Sanderson never guessed what made Miss Emma so merry.

When Jim could come without any danger from the fever, Miss Emma sent for him, and then she made

him tell her just how the new conductor looked, and all about him.

"Is it really hard work, Jim?" she asked.

"It is, indeed, miss; early and late, and in all weathers. But Mr. Thatcher stands it first rate, though he is burnt a bit!"

Then Miss Emma made Jim remember the very day Mr. Thatcher went on the tram first, and noted down the date on a card. She would not let me go for several weeks, and paying me large wages all the time, as if it was just hard nursing like the first. So I was still there when the three months were over, and if I hadn't known I should have guessed that there was something Miss Emma expected that day.

She dressed herself in a new white dress, as fine as could be, with a little blue sprig all over it, and she put on a blue ribbon under her lace collar and in her hair. She couldn't settle down to read or sew, but fidgeted about all the morning.

"I know Harry will come to-day," she whispered to me.

And sure enough he did come. Miss Emma was in the large parlour, and I was fussing about there too, knowing all the time she was keeping me busy there just for company. Mr. Sanderson's private sitting-room is off the parlour, and we heard somebody go the length of the hall and knock at his door. Miss Emma took hold of me, all rosy and trembling, and then we heard a man's voice say:

"There, Mr. Sanderson, are three months' wages, honestly earned by hard work. And here is a letter from my employers, recommending me for sobriety, industry, and honesty."

"Well done!" we heard Mr. Sanderson say. "You will find Emma in the drawing-room."

I went out at one door just as Harry Thatcher came in at another, diamond studs, shiney boots, and all.

Well, ma'am, that is all there is to tell, except that the wedding is to-morrow, and I'm to go up all day and help the housekeeper. Every bit of the fine linen and embroidery I have done up myself, and it would do your heart good to see the piles of it, fluted and crimped fit for a queen.

Jim, he's got a holiday, too, to go to the church, and the Sunday-school class have ordered a beautiful basket of flowers that Jim is to present to the bride.

And I hope you'll excuse me now, ma'am, as I've told you the whole story, and there's cuffs and collars to do up for Jim, and a power of odds and ends I must attend to, so's to have a free hand for Miss Emma's wedding to-morrow.

AN orator said: "There is not a man, woman, or child in this room who has arrived at the age of fifty years, but has felt this truth thundering through their mind for centuries."

PEARSON'S PUZZLE PRIZES.

SOVEREIGNS DO NOT GROW ON EVERY GOOSE.
BERRY BUSH; BUT THEY ARE TO BE PICKED
UP VERY EASILY BY PURCHASERS
OF OUR PUZZLE.

We offer TEN MORE PRIZES of a Sovereign each to the ten persons who manage to get the cubes into position in the shortest time before July 11th. On the back of each Puzzle is pasted a pink form.

The following are the regulations referred to in this form:—

The Puzzle must be turned glass downwards, and well shaken by one of the witnesses. It must then be handed to the competitor, whose time must be taken from the instant the Puzzle enters his hand. Witnesses must satisfy themselves that the Puzzle has not been tampered with by marking the cubes or anything of the kind. Witnesses must not be members of the same household or family as the competitor.

Forms duly filled in must be detached and forwarded by those who wish to compete, so as to reach us at latest by first post on Monday, July 13th. Envelopes must be marked PUZZLE. No competition will be considered unless the particulars are sent on a form detached from a Puzzle.

Enquiries will be set on foot as to the bona fides of the statements made, and to each of the ten individuals who are proved to have been most rapid in their manipulation of the cubes a Sovereign will be forwarded. Not more than one prize may be won by the same person.

These competitions will continue while the sale of the Puzzle lasts, the amounts given depending upon the extent to which the sale reaches.

Pearson's Puzzle is obtainable, in exchange for sixpence, at all bookstalls, stationers', and fancy warehouses throughout the kingdom. If you have any difficulty in getting it, please drop us a post-card.

The wholesale agents are Messrs. HILDESHEIMER & FAULKNER, JEWIN STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Remember that the first prizes will be much easier to win than later ones, for as people grow familiar with the Puzzle they will naturally become more proficient in doing it quickly.

Following are the names and addresses of the winners of the first Ten Sovereigns offered, with their times:—

Miss Jennie B. Cochrane, 21, D'Olier Street, Dublin, 1 min.; Mr. Charles Colman, Cooden Down, Bexhill, Sussex, 1 min.; Mr. John H. Evans, Back Bampton, Newcastle, Staffs., 1 min.; Mr. John Allen, 1, Dixon Street, Leverhulme, 1 min. 2 secs.; Mr. A. F. Sadler, 5, Wiltshire Road, Brixton, S.W., 1 min. 3 secs.; Mr. John Clark, Messrs. Smith & Son's Bookstall, New Brompton, 1 min. 5 secs.; Mr. Patrick Sweeney, 23, Woodhouse Street, Liverpool, 1 min. 10 secs.; Mr. Robert Jones, Vall View House, Tywyn, near Llandudno, 1 min. 13 secs.; Mr. Joseph Speight, 16, Lamley Street, Barrow-in-Furness, 1 min. 15 secs.; Mr. John Green, 19, Castle Road, New Wotley, Leeds, 1 min. 15 1/2 secs.

HOME NOTES.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

Isobel will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

Flowerpot Stains may be removed from window sills by rubbing with fine wood ashes, and rinsing with clear water.

Cleaning Galvanized Vessels. The simplest plan is to scour them with a strong solution of hot water and common washing soda; but if used for hot water and soap, use best tin vessels or have them painted, as galvanized iron attracts soap in such a manner as to cause a deposit which is disagreeable and unsightly. (Reply to LINCOLN.)

Strawberry Cream. One and a half pounds of fresh strawberries, eight ounces of castor sugar, one pint of new milk, half a pint of cream, one lemon (juice only). Reduce the fruit to a pulp, mix the sugar with it, and beat everything well together. Add the lemon juice and again beat well. Now whisk in the cream and follow with the milk. Beat until it is a stiff froth. Put on ice in the usual way, and afterwards fill into cream glasses or cups. (Reply to BESSIE.)

Care of Plants. The leaves of plants should be kept free from dust; hence frequent washings are absolutely essential, although, when watering, never wet the flowers of the plant nor allow drops of water to stand on the leaves in the sunshine. Never allow water to stand in the saucers of the pots unless the plants are semi-aquatic. Watering fulfils a two-fold function. It supplies to plants food or elements to fertility contained in itself, and converts the plant food or nourishment of the soil into a liquid form so that it may be absorbed by the roots.

If the Marble Tops of Washstands, chiffoniers, or chimney-pieces are discoloured by grease or any other kind of stain, mix two parts of common washing soda with one part of chalk and one of ground pumice-stone. Be sure that all are finely powdered, and then make into a paste with water. Rub it well over the marble, and an hour or two later wash it off with plain soap and water. Another way of cleaning marble is to mix whiting and curd soap to a paste. Spread and leave for a couple of days, then wash it off, and the marble will be as white as possible.

How to Wash Woollen Shawls. The following is a Scotch method of washing woollen shawls:—Scrape one pound of soap and boil it down in water. When cooling beat it with the hand; it will become a sort of jelly. Add three tablespoonsful of turpentine, and one of spirits of hartshorn. Wash the article thoroughly in it, then rinse in cold water until all the soap is taken off, then in salt and water. Fold between two sheets, taking care not to allow two folds of the article washed to lie together. Mangle and iron with a very cool iron. Shawls done in this way look like new. Use the salt only where there are delicate colours that may strike. (Reply to R. L.)

Gravy for Hashes, etc. Time, two hours and a quarter. The bones and cuttings from any cooked joint, a little salt and pepper, twelve whole allspice, a bunch of sweet herbs, a piece of butter, one small onion, half a head of celery, water, and two tablespoonsful of ketchup. Break the bones and put them in a stewpan, with any spare cuttings of meat you may have; add a little pepper, salt, and twelve allspice, half a head of celery, and a bunch of sweet herbs, and simmer it for about two hours with sufficient water to cover it. Cut a small onion into slices, fry it in a piece of butter, and coil it up with the gravy for fifteen or twenty minutes. Strain it into another stewpan, with two tablespoonsful of walnut ketchup, and a piece of butter rolled in flour, boil it up and it will be ready for your meat. (Reply to ALTERA.)

Peach Cream. Half a tin of peaches, half a pint of cream, half an ounce of gelatine, one gill of milk, a quarter of a pound of sugar, and half a gill of cold water. Place the water and syrup from the tin in a saucepan, and add to them the sugar. Stir all till boiling, add the peaches, and continue to cook all slowly until the pieces of peach look quite clear. Pour all into a basin, and let the mixture get quite cold. Place the gelatine in a basin; pour over the milk, and let the gelatine soak for half an hour; place the basin then over a pan of boiling water, and allow the gelatine to melt. Mix now together the contents of both basins, and pour the mixture into a glass or silver dish. Place the cream in a basin and whisk it lightly with an egg-whisk. When the froth rises skim it with a spoon, and place it on a hair sieve to drain from it all the milk. Continue to do this till the cream is used up. Pile this high on the top of the mixture in a glass dish, and sprinkle over a little coloured sugar.

To Remove Claret Stains from table-linen, rub on salt as soon as possible, and wash in the usual way. If not entirely removed, apply lemon juice and dry in the sun.

When Decanters and Carafes become so Discoloured inside that shot or fine coals will not cleanse them, fill the bottle with finely-chopped potato skins, cork tightly, and let the bottle stand for three days, when the skins will ferment. Turn out and rinse. The bottle will be as bright and clean as when new.

Boiled Spinach. Remove the stalks and pick over carefully two pounds of spinach, wash it well in several waters in a colander to free it from any grit, and put it in a clean saucepan with only sufficient water to keep it from burning; let it boil for ten minutes, then turn it into a clean cloth and wring it dry; place it on a board and chop it fine, return it to the saucepan, add a flavouring of pepper, salt, and half an ounce of butter; stir it over the fire till heated and serve.

Clear Ginger Beer. To two or three gallons of water add five pounds of loaf sugar and three of powdered ginger. Boil for one hour. When it is cold add the peel and juice of five lemons, and a quarter of a teacupful of yeast or a slice of toasted bread. Let the liquor stand in a tub covered with a thick cloth for two or three days. Then strain it through a thick cloth and bottle it. In four or five days it will be ready for use. If desired that it should taste strongly of ginger, increase this item according to taste. (Reply to A. J.)

If Chimney Lamps are put in cold strong salt and water, placed on the stove with straw or shaving on the bottom of the pan to prevent them from touching the hot metal, the water allowed to come gradually to a boil and the chimneys cooked for a few moments, they cannot be broken by the strongest flame. Lamp chimneys washed in kerosene oil and never touched with even a damp cloth are also said to be impervious to heat. No one need fear putting the hands in the oil, as it is softening and cleansing, and the odour soon disappears.

How to Make Shrimp Salad. One quart of fresh or two boxes of canned shrimps, two hard-boiled eggs chopped fine, one half small head of cabbage chopped very fine. For dressing, bring a pint of milk to the boiling point; add the yolks of four eggs, rubbed very smooth and into which have been stirred one tablespoonful of butter, the same of sugar and one half tablespoonful of salt, two of mustard, one of mace, one of pepper. Stir briskly till it begins to thicken, when it should be set on ice to cool; when cold add one-half cupful of strong vinegar; mix with the shrimps and cabbage just before serving.

Change of Posture in Sleep. Every mother knows how little ones grow restless, and perhaps moan in their sleep at night, or even in their day naps, and wonders what is lacking in her daily care or in their diet to bring this about. If she is satisfied that everything in the little one's surroundings is as it should be, let her gently turn the baby over to the other side, or from its back to the side where it sleeps, and note the result. The baby's muscles need the same relief that those of the adult demand, and can be so relieved even in deep slumber by the mother's soothing touch. The child will fall into a more restful and deep sleep in almost every instance, and awaken greatly refreshed.

Uses for Buttermilk. *Hung Buttermilk.*—Fill a jelly-bag or cloth (which is quite free from holes) with buttermilk (which is better if it has been churned two or three days before), let it hang all night, when the water will have strained out. Turn the curd that remains into a bowl, and mix by degrees as much sweet milk or cream, blending it well to remove all lumps. When it is quite smooth, sweeten to taste, and add the juice of any preserve to flavour it. Whisk for five or six minutes, and pour it into a glass dish. Another way is to hang the buttermilk all night, as before, then blend the curds very smoothly with thick cream, and sweeten. Dissolve in milk a quarter of an ounce of isinglass which has been melted over the fire, stir this into the cream, and whisk for a few minutes, then pour the mixture into a mould. When stiff, turn it out and serve. Preserve is an improvement. These are country recipes, where cream is plentiful. *Buttermilk Cakes.*—To one pound of sifted flour add two teaspoonfuls of dissolved carbonate of ammonia; add as much buttermilk as will make it into a stiff dough, roll it out and cut into cakes any shape you like. Bake in a moderately hot oven. Another way is: Mix about forty grains of carbonate of soda with a teaspoonful of castor sugar, and rub these well into rather more than one pound of sifted flour; add a little salt, mix all well together, and add as much buttermilk as will make it into a stiff dough; roll it out rather thick and form it into cakes, and put these at once into a well-heated oven. All cakes made of buttermilk should be put immediately into a well-heated oven, otherwise they will be sodden and unwholesome.

Pins for Babies. It is a barbarous custom that of using common pins in a child's clothing. Safety pins should be used, and tapes and buttons for the most permanent fastenings in the child's clothes. It is cruel to subject the baby to the risk—indeed, as a rule, the certainty—of being pricked and scratched by torturing pins, when by a little care and trouble on the part of the mother or nurse all this may be avoided.

Rest. When you are so tired as to feel "ready to drop," sit down, comb your hair, and change your shoes. This will rest the head and feet, and give new strength for the work which at house-cleaning or moving time refuses to be postponed. That lying down ten minutes will rest one much more than sitting down has to be reiterated often for the benefit of those ambitious women who sometimes scorn to rest this way during the daytime, and others who fear that it will be known to their discredit if they so indulge themselves.

Roast Leg of Mutton. Procure a leg of mutton weighing five or six pounds, wipe it, and place it in a baking tin in a hot oven; let it roast for two hours; shortly before serving sprinkle a little salt on the meat, and see that it browns evenly. It should be well basted with the dripping which comes from it continually whilst cooking; when done, dish the meat, pour off the dripping from the tin, add some boiling water, with a pinch of salt, stir it well, and strain it over the joint. (Reply to MOTHER OF FOUR.)

Useful Hints. Damp salt will remove the discoloration of cups and saucers caused by tea and careless washing. Clothes that have been sprinkled will not mildew for days, even in summer, if kept away from the fire. Use a silver spoon when cooking mushrooms. The silver will be blackened if any injurious quality is present. Air the house thoroughly every day even "though the rain comes down in torrents or the snow beats in drifts." It is a good idea for a tall woman to have her kitchen table and ironing board a little higher than ordinary. It will save many a back-ache. Glasses and dishes wipe to perfection when washed in very hot water.

Four Omelettes. *Bacon.*—Cut a quarter of a pound of bacon into dice, and cook it for two minutes with a little butter in a frying-pan. Beat up ten eggs, and pour them into the pan with the bacon. Let the omelette set, then fold it and serve. Ham is frequently used instead of bacon. *Asparagus.*—Take the tender green ends of the asparagus and lightly cook them in butter, using a small pan. Beat the eggs in a basin, seasoning with salt and pepper and parsley. Melt some butter in a frying-pan and pour upon it the eggs and the asparagus. Roll it when it is cooked and served. Other ingredients can replace the asparagus, as mushrooms, or red herrings, or dried mackerel, but they should all be cooked and seasoned before mixing with the eggs. In the case of either fish, they are grilled and toasted in a Dutch oven, and then minced very finely. When the asparagus is not very young it should be scalded before being cooked. *Bread.*—Fry some crumbs of bread, cut into dice in butter, beat up the eggs in the usual manner, mix with the bread, adding salt and pepper, and cook. *Kidney.*—Either sheep or calf's kidneys can be used, and the cold remains of any that have been cooked in the usual fashion utilised. Cut the kidney into dice, and just warm them in a saucepan with a little meat jelly or gravy, or small piece of butter flavoured with chopped parsley. Make an omelette as before, and when it is cooked, spread the pieces of kidney upon it, and fold it, and serve directly. If the kidneys are raw they must be got ready before the omelette is made. Cut them up and fry them slightly in butter, then add some parsley and a little stock; they are then in readiness to be spread upon the omelette. Fold it and serve.

Isobel

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PEARSON'S WEEKLY is published every Monday, and copy for advertisements must be in our hands a week ahead; ten days if a proof is required.

All advertisements are subject to approval. Advertisements ordered until countermanded are subject to a fortnight's notice.

All enquiries and orders to be forwarded to the Manager, PEARSON'S WEEKLY Advertisement Department, 167, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

WHAT CAN WE TELL YOU?

SOMEWHERE in this issue is a word which contains three double letters immediately next to one another. By "double letter" we mean such an occurrence as the two o's in "boot." A gold-plated pencil-case to the first reader who points out the word in question, and one to every twenty-fifth after until twenty have been awarded.

MR. H. CHELMER, winner of our last Cyclists' Prize, tells us that he would like a Premier "Holbein" No. 1 Safety, pneumatic-tyred. We have therefore requested Messrs. Hillman, Herbert, & Cooper to send him one of these machines as soon as possible.

M. L.—We hoped that we had made it quite plain that we gave last week six five-pound notes, one to each of the three winners in Pipe Competitions 1 and 2.

JASPER.—We regret that we cannot give you the figures you require, as we have had no opportunity to look them up. The arranging of the deputation to the Postmaster-General has left us very little time for anything else just lately.

W. D. says: "Here are two arithmetical curiosities which I have no doubt will interest your readers. First put down a row of figures, and from them subtract a sum consisting of the same figures, differently arranged, in any order you please, and the remainder will invariably be divisible by 9. The sum of second line of figures must of course be less than that of the top line. Secondly, put down the figures '142,857,' multiply by 2, 3, 4, 5, or 6, and you will find the result gives the same figures, in the same order, though beginning at a different point in the figures. Now multiply the figures by 8, and you have 1,142,856; add the first figure to the last, and you have the original figures, in their original order. Can any of your readers explain these curious results?"

J. H.—Thanks for the cutting. We would follow your suggestion but for the fact that we never allude to the innuendoes of obscure publications. You see, an allusion in the columns of a widely-circulated journal to one with but a small sale is worth so much in hard cash as an advertisement to the unimportant paper, which therefore has, as a rule, no hesitation in "fishing" desperately for such an allusion. And besides that, the difference in the sizes of the pages is so very apparent that it would be mere folly to dwell upon it.

We owe an apology to two well-known men, which we hasten to make, regretting that any misstatement regarding them should have appeared in our columns. In the first place, we find that Sir Charles Russell does not receive a retaining fee of £10,000 per annum from Mr. George Lewis—indeed, we are assured that any such arrangement would be quite removed from the etiquette of the legal profession. In the second place, Colonel North writes to inform us that the rather laughable story which we published the other day, and in which Mr. Rutland Barrington was made to obtain possession of a pair of check unmentionables worn by the colonel, was without any foundation, so far as he is concerned. The contributor of the paragraph assures us that he had the story on the best authority, but this does not make it any more true than Cromer ever beheld the gallant colonel wading through the mud at two o'clock in the morning clad, as to his legs, in nothing more substantial than a pair of undergarments reaching to the knee only.

A COMPOSITOR writes:—"I watched with a keen and particular interest the 'Pipe Puzzle' competition in your issue of the 6th inst., as I have the misfortune to be a compositor. In the office in which I work, as in most large offices, the compositors are employed on the 'piece' system—that is, they are paid for what they 'set,' and no more. Then, again, the compositor has to pay a 'corrector' out of the wages he can earn from setting such copy. The duties of the 'corrector' are, as his title implies, to correct the compositor's mistakes, as marked on a 'proof' by an individual called a 'reader.' In one case, which recently came under my notice, a compositor was given an unusually badly written piece of 'shipping information' to set, and he positively had to pay the 'corrector' half of what he earned in setting the copy; yet, to prove that this was no fault of the compo., I may tell you that he read off your 'puzzle letter' at a glance. Thus, you see, there is no lack of capability on his part. People who have to write for the press should remember that their writing will be given to some man (perhaps the father of a large family) to earn his daily bread upon, and often, through their wretched writing, it means 'bread' in reality to some of us, and no more! Of course all offices do not treat their 'comps.' in this manner."

LAST week we promised to give the result of the Dalu-Kola Competition in this issue. The enormous number of anagrams to hand, however, preclude the possibility of this. The result will appear next week.

ONE OF OUR NORWICH READERS writes to tell us that he is the fortunate possessor of the DAILY CITIZEN, of Vicksburg, U.S.A., for Thursday, 2nd July, 1863, which was the last issue of the paper before the final assault and capture of the city by the Federal troops under the late General Grant. It is printed on ordinary wall paper, the matter being, of course, on the plain side, with a red and yellow flowered pattern on the back. The whole paper measures 18 inches by 12 inches. This particular issue was found still in type by the Federal troops when they entered the city, and they added the following footnote:—

"July 4th, 1863.

"Two days bring about great changes. The banner of the Union floats over Vicksburg. General Grant has 'caught the rabbit,' he has dined in Vicksburg, and he did bring his dinner with him. The CITIZEN lives to see it. For the last time it appears on wall paper. No more will it eulogise the luxury of mule-meat and fricaseed kitten—urge Southern warriors to such diet never more. This is the last wall-paper edition, and is, excepting this note, from the types as we found them. It will be valuable hereafter as a curiosity."

A NUMBER of correspondents have replied to A. E. B.'s query as to whether there are any words in the language besides "cleave" which bear two wholly opposite meanings. From these communications we gather that the following words have also this peculiarity. *Let* means "to hinder," as well as "to permit." *Prevent*, which also means "to hinder," is sometimes used as signifying "to assist." *Propugn* sometimes means "to attack," at others "to defend." *Nervous* means "strong" as well as "weak." *To hang* signifies both "to decline" and "to show aloft." *Low*, as applied to sound, either means "soft," or the loud bellow of an ox. The term *Master* is applied to both the boy and his teacher. *Indifferently* usually means "carelessly," but it is occasionally used to signify "carefully" or "impartially." A. L. sends an example of two words which seem as though they ought to have opposite significations, but which mean the same—*loose* and *unloose*.

THE publication of J. S.'s "tongue-twister" has led to the receipt of a great many more, amongst which the following are perhaps the best. Many thanks to the correspondents who troubled to send them:—

Truly rural.

She sells sea shells.

Coffee in a copper coffee-pot.

Shoes and socks shock Susan.

The sea ceaseth and it sufficeth us.

Say, should such a shapely sash shabby stitches shew?

Strange strategic statistics.

Gaze on the gay gray brigade.

The word *gig-whip* will be found very hard to repeat ten or twelve times in quick succession. Indeed, all of the above sentences should be repeated over and over again, particularly the first and second.

R. O.—It is plainly stated in the notice of the Cyclists' Insurance that the notice is in itself sufficient to confer the benefits of the system, without the necessity of carrying the whole paper about with one.

J. B. sends the following sensible advice on How to Smoke a Cigar:—"It is not given to every man to know all the 'points' in smoking a cigar. Some chew the end of the stump; others make it remarkably spongy, and others delight in unwrapping the fillings. In all cases the cigar is not worth smoking after it is half burnt. When you have half smoked your cigar, you should take out your knife, and cut off the wet end of the stump, and then commence again. The spongy portion, cut off, contains the nicotine, and consequently all danger of absorption of poisonous vapours from the already consumed cigar is avoided. The newly-cut portion, being perfectly dry, smokes like a newly-lighted cigar, and the loss in cutting is little or nothing compared with the benefits which arise from a fresh mouth-hold, and a freedom from the accumulated nicotine which exists in a cigar when smoked in the ordinary way."

We are sorry to find that we are unable to carry out the course proposed with regard to curious autographs. In response to our recent notice, we have received some hundreds of most remarkable and undecipherable signatures, but unfortunately not one in fifty of them lends itself to reproduction, as that of Mr. James Graham Lemon did. Almost all are either written so finely or are so jumbled up that the fast printing requisite for the production of this journal would infallibly transform them into mere blurs. We have sent gold-plated pencil-cases to—

Mr. R. H. Box, 80, Mountgrove Road, Highbury, N.; Mr. J. Wilson, 5, Tunstall Vale, Sunderland; Mr. Thomas E. Baker, 21, Penarth Street, Old Kent Road, S.E.; Mr. J. P. Purcell, 6, Ellen Street, Limerick; Mr. Kendal Robinson, 3, Eldon Street, Blyth, Northumberland; Mr. Richard Poole, Malden, Essex; Miss E. Dickson, Eglington Terrace, Portrush, Antrim; Mr. W. H. Riddle, 2, Honeywell Terrace, Honeywell Road, Wandsworth Common, S.W.; Mr. A. K. Kevan, Bangor Villa, Chalmersford; Mr. Charles E. Adams, 40, Courtwell Street, Baywater; Mr. John W. Trodd, 23, Church Street, Ryde, Isle of Wight; Mr. E. Maxwell, 73, High Street, Dalbeattie;

who are the senders of the twelve autographs which we judge to be the most curious of those to hand, and we much regret that we cannot give the rest of our readers the opportunity of exercising their ingenuity in solving them.

DEPUTATION TO THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

THE deputation of proprietors of newspapers and periodicals, to which we alluded in our last issue, visited the Postmaster-General on Tuesday last. It was introduced to Mr. Balfour by Mr. J. B. HARRIS, M.P., who in a very able speech gave a general and comprehensive review of the grievances which newspapers and periodicals have against the Post Office.

MR. HARRIS pointed out his remarks by pointing out that the Post Office does not allow papers to go through the post at the halfpenny rate unless they contain a large proportion of current news, and that periodicals published at intervals of more than a week are not allowed to be registered. In the course of his remarks Mr. Harris drew upon the fact that a man may obtain registration for a newspaper that is in the habit of publishing full accounts of the proceedings of the House of Commons, or divorce cases, while a paper containing history matter of an elevating nature cannot get the privilege extended to it. Mr. Harris made a strong point in stating that though at a Select Committee on the Revenue Estimates it was, a short time ago, stated that there is no profit on halfpenny postage, he had investigated the matter and had proved that this was not correct. He enforced this point by stating that the annual profits of the Post Office amount to some £2,000,000. Admitting that there was a profit of a halfpenny on every letter sent through the post, the amount thus accruing represents the whole profit of the Post Office, proving conclusively that there can be no loss on the halfpenny business.

MR. W. T. STRAD (Review of Reviews) addressed the Postmaster-General from the point of view of a magazine proprietor who is issuing a magazine both here and in America, and who finds that while a copy of the American edition can be sent for three thousand miles across the United States for one farthing it costs him 2d. to forward a copy from his office at Mowbray House, to Mr. Baikes at Westminster. He said he was certain that the readiness which the Government are showing to devote an enormous sum to the spread of primary education, must point to the fact that they would be willing to grant, at all events, reasonable concessions to those great disseminators of education the monthly magazines. He maintained that from a strictly accurate standpoint news published monthly, and relating to the latest phases of thought and the latest discoveries and inventions of the day, was fully as much entitled to postal privileges as is the ephemeral matter that appears in the daily papers.

MR. ARNOLD FOSTER (Oswell & Co., Ltd.) then spoke, detailing the grievances of magazine publishers, which he exemplified by some very striking statements with regard to the issue of magazines by the great firm of which he is a director. He dwelt strongly upon the fact that whereas the publishers of *Harper's Magazine*, a typical American literary product, obtain 11d. for a copy of their publication at the same advance, his firm would, in the case of a magazine issued at the same price, obtain but 6d., and would have to wait for that for as much as three months after delivery. As an example of how heavily the present postal rates weigh upon magazine publishers, he remarked that the postage for *The Quaker* amounts to 23 per cent. of the published price of the magazine.

MR. L. UPDEGILL (Bazaar, Exchange and Mart) next spoke with regard to the limit which the Post Office places upon the proportion that advertisements may bear to reading matter. Mr. Gill had been at the trouble of communicating with every advertiser in his last number, with the result that he was enabled to state that in the case of his paper alone the advertisements lead to the dispatch in the course of a single year of 80,000 registered letters, 331,000 parcels and book packets, 168,000 telegrams, and 1,250,000 postal orders and money orders. The estimated value again from the actual facts that he had obtained of the revenue accruing to the Post Office on this business amounted to the large sum of £23,775. It therefore was shown that even if there was an initial loss to the Post Office, it gained in the end by the transaction. He submitted, therefore, that the larger the paper and the more the advertisements, the more profitable it is to the Post Office.

MR. STIRLING (Lady's Pictorial) spoke, begging Mr. Baikes to most seriously consider the tremendous vested interests which are imperilled by an Act just introduced, that proposes to fix the maximum weight of a newspaper. He pointed out the extreme hardship of encouraging the investment of enormous capital in newspaper enterprises, and then imperilling the very existence of the papers which had been created at so great an expense in money, brain work, and labour, by the passing of an enactment could not fail to most seriously affect them.

MR. C. ARTHUR PEARSON (Pearson's Weekly) then addressed the Postmaster-General on behalf of the very large body of publications of which his journal is typical. He dwelt upon the check placed by the Post Office upon the enterprise of individuals who, wishing to give as good value as is possible for the price of their papers, and themselves by this very enterprise almost entirely prohibited from circulating either outside the limits of the United Kingdom or in country districts in the British Isles, by the infliction of a penny postage rate. Mr. Pearson also referred to the great increase of Post Office business which the various competitions instituted by such papers as his which the office to include as many as four or five thousand letters, not a single one of which would have been posted but for the existence of this paper. He also referred to the undeniable educational influence exerted by the weekly periodical, quoting a letter from a schoolmaster which was published in this page the other day.

MR. JOHN LENG, M.P., next spoke in his double capacity of a member of Parliament supporting the deputation, and as the proprietor of several influential Scotch papers, including the *Dundee Advertiser* and the *People's Friend*, both of which have local circulations. Mr. Leng gave his cordial support to the various points to which the attention of the Postmaster-General had been directed by preceding speakers, and ended a speech which very ably recapitulated their principal grievances by stating that he hoped to be able to further dwell upon them from his seat in the House of Commons.

MR. J. ALLANSON PICTON followed Mr. Leng's remarks by some of his own, which showed the liveliest sympathy with the objects of the deputation, and urged particularly upon the Postmaster-General the desirability of granting to the many elevating periodicals of the day, advantages at least equal to those monopolised by newspapers.

MR. BAIKES replied at considerable length, dealing with the various points that had been laid before him. His remarks showed unmistakably that he is in every reason to hope that when he fulfils his promise to bring the matter to the attention of his colleagues in the Government, some very substantial redresses may accrue to the proprietors of newspapers and periodicals.

The deputation, which was supported by many prominent Members of Parliament, was the largest and most influential that has ever approached the Postmaster-General from the Press, and included representatives of the following publications:—

Alliance News, Ariel, Bakers' Times, Bazaar, Exchange, and Mart, Black and White, Blackburn Standard, Blyth Examiner, Brewers' Journal, British and Colonial Printer and Stationer, Cabinet Maker, Cassell's Family Magazine, Cassell's Saturday Journal, Chemist and Druggist, Christian Globe, Christian Times and Protestant, County Gentleman, C. T. C. Gazette, Cycling, Daily Chronicle, Daily Examiner, Colchester Gazette, Colliery Guardian, Confectioners' Union, Cork Examiner, Evening Telegraph, Dundee Advertiser, Dundee Evening Telegraph, Essex Standard, Family Circle, Family Herald, Freeman's Journal, Fruit Trade Journal, Gardening, Great World, Gleaner, Glasgow Herald, Glasgow Evening News, Graphic, Great Thoughts, Grocers' Oil Trades Review, Hastings and St. Leonard's Observer, Health, Hearth and Home, Hygiene, Illustrated London News, Independent, Industries, Invention, Ironmonger, Judy, Lady of the House, Lady's Magazine, Lady's Pictorial, Lancashire, Lancashire Express, Lancet, Laundry Record, Leeds Mercury, Literary World, Lloyd's News, Macmillan's Magazine, Manchester Courier, Manufacturer and Inventor, Mer- cantry, Morning Advertiser, Myra's Journal, Myra's Mid-Monthly, Newcastle Daily Chronicle, Newcastle Weekly Chronicle, Newcastle, Nottingham Evening News, Official, Daily Express, Nottingham Weekly Express, Nottingham Evening News, Official, Pall Mall Budget, Paper Record, Paper Trade Review, Pastry Cooks' Union, Pear- son's Weekly, Penny Illustrated Paper, Perthshire Advertiser, People's Friend, People's Journal, Pink-top, Preston Herald, Quiver, Record, Review of Reviews, Schoolmistress, Scribner's Magazine, Scotchman's Weekly, Scotchman's Weekly, Stock Exchange, Textile World, Tobacco, Tobacco Trade Review, United Service Gazette, Watchmaker, Jeweller, and Silversmith, Western Mail, Western Morning News, Wine Trade Review, Women's Herald, Worcestershire Echo, Engineer, and Gardener's Chronicle.

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Comprising ECLIPSE CAMERA SET, as above; also PHOTOGRAPHIC PRINTING APPARATUS, consisting of hardwood printing frame, with brass spring back, sensitised albuminised paper, gold toning solution, fixing solution, glass rods, cards for mounting, with complete instructions. Also hardwood folding tripod stand and focussing cloth. Price 7s. 6d.; securely packed, post free, 8s. 6d. If packed in portable wood case, with hinged lid and leather strap, as in illustration, 9d. extra. Every set is carefully examined before being sent out, and guaranteed to be in working order. N.B.—If Apparatus does not give satisfaction, and is returned unopened within three days of receipt, we guarantee to refund purchase-money.

THE STANLEY OUTFIT, price 10s. 6d.; by Parcels Post, 11s. 6d.
This set is precisely the same as the 7s. 6d. Outfit, except that it includes a better camera, with folding tailboard, a double dark slide, and is sent out packed in hardwood box, with hinged lid and leather strap, without extra charge.

The Marvel, Norfolk, or Compact i-plate Camera Sets, price £1 1s. each; or by Parcels Post, 1s. extra.
These sets consist of a superior i-plate camera, with hinged focussing screen, will take horizontal or vertical pictures, mahogany double dark slide, superior achromatic lens in sliding brass mount; also polished hardwood folding tripod.

For better sets see our Photographic Catalogue, price 2d., post free.
As an encouragement to beginners, and to make their apparatus more widely known J. H. SKINNER & CO. offer as Prizes Sets of Photographic Apparatus, to the value of 23 Guineas, for the best photographs taken with the Eclipse Set (open to beginners only). First prize, value £3 5s.; Second, £2 2s.; Third, £1 1s. For the best photographs taken with the Stanley Set. First prize, value £4 4s.; Second, £2 2s.; Third, £1 1s. For the best photograph taken with the i-plate Marvel, Norfolk, or Compact Sets. First prize, value £5 5s.; Second, £3 3s.; Third, £2 2s. Competent independent judges will be selected. No EXCHANGE PRIZE. Full particulars sent with each set or on receipt of stamp for postage.

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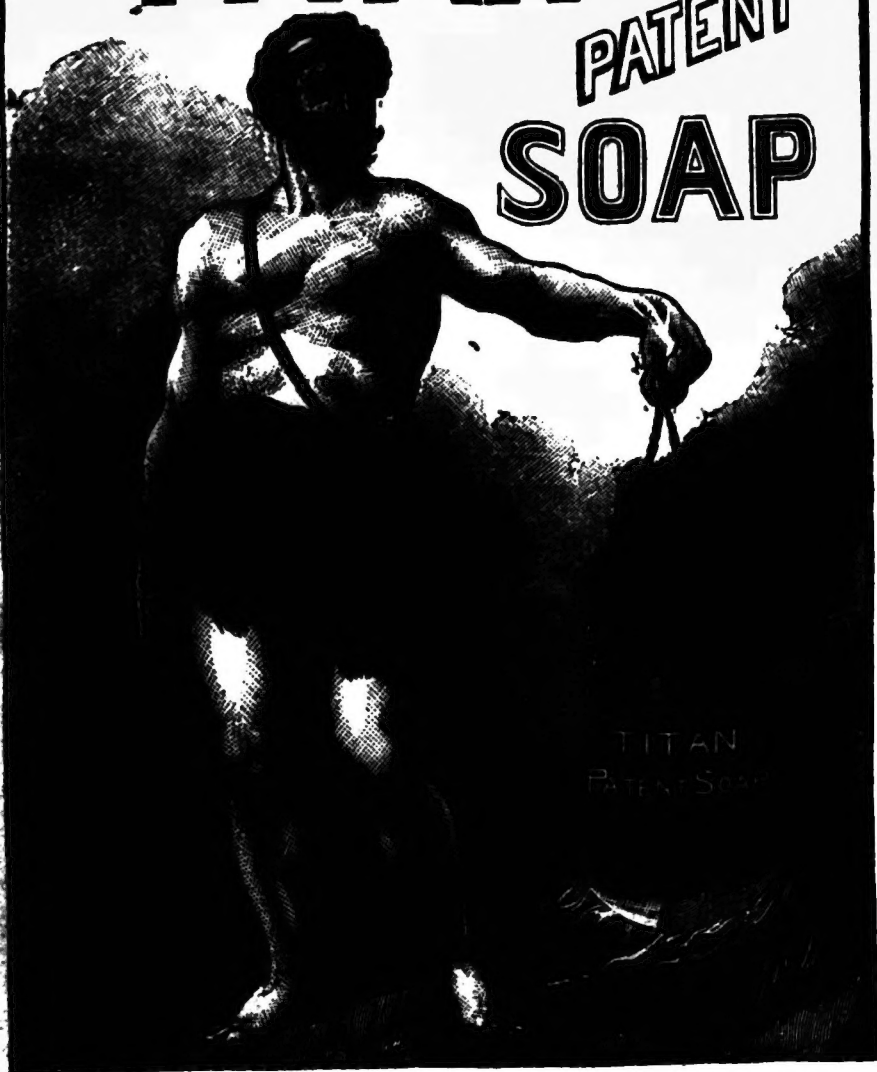
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